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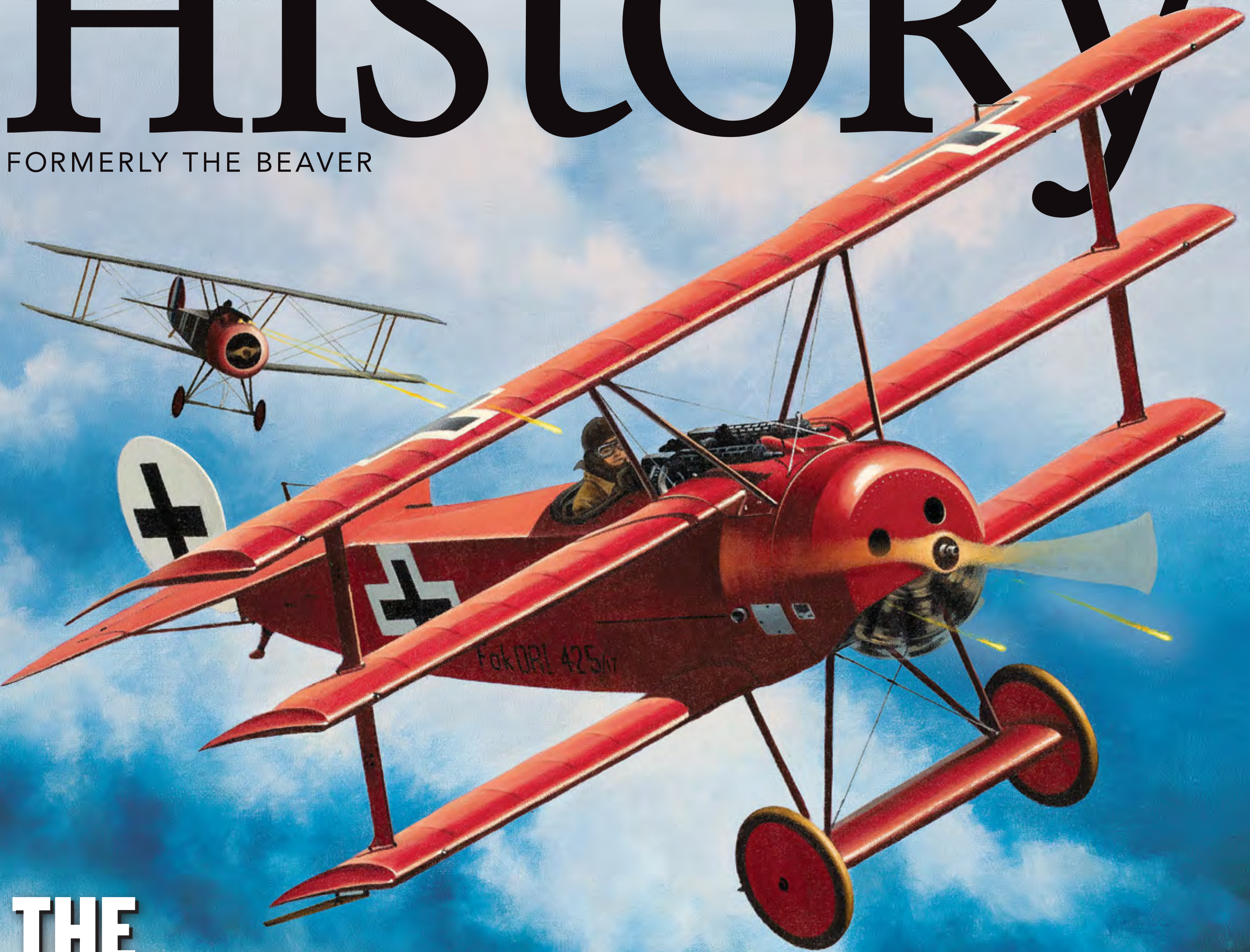

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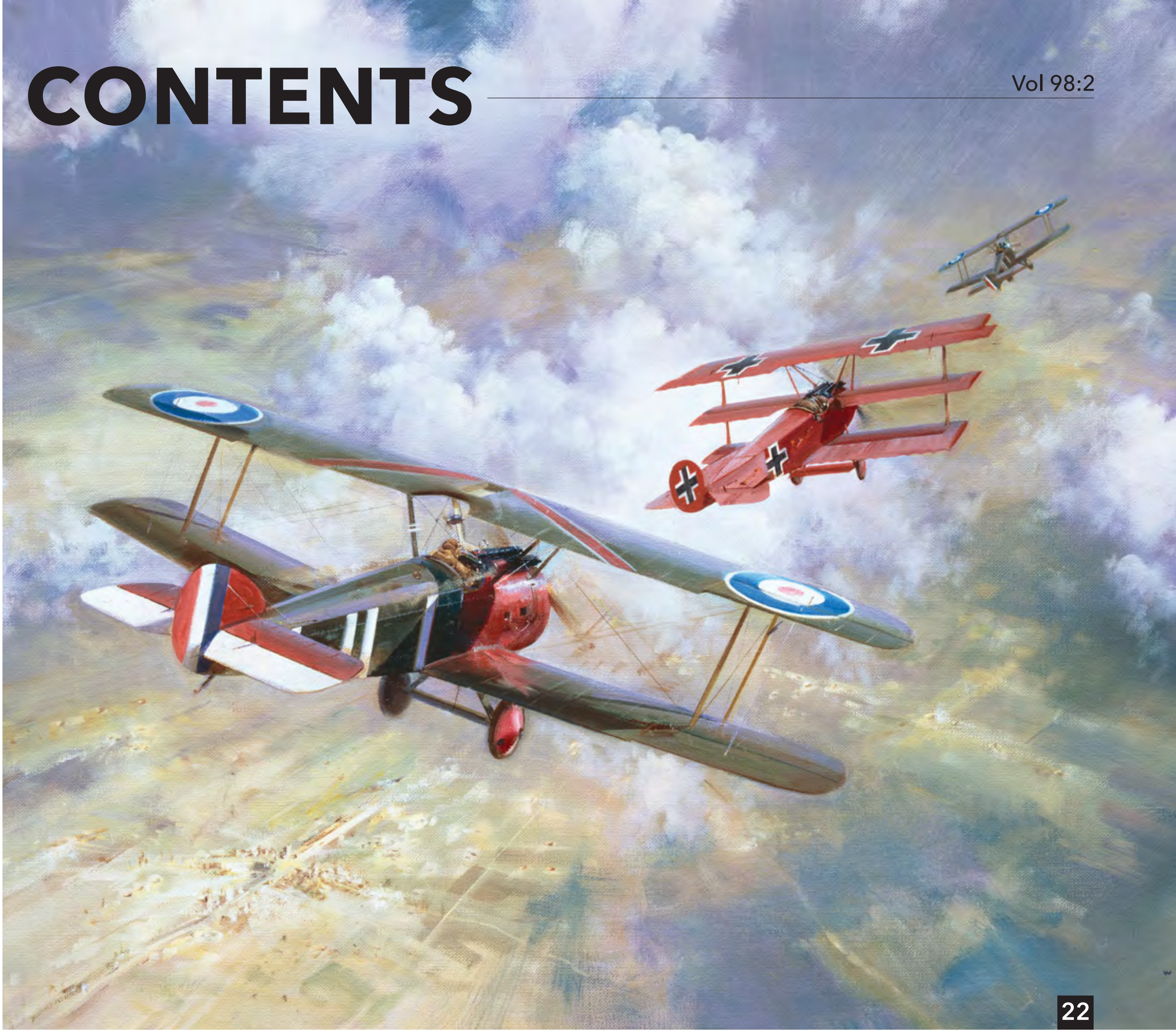

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CANADA'S HISTORY
THE RED BARON

On the cover

Canadian pilot Roy Brown pursues the Red Baron near Amiens, France, in this original painting by aviation artist Neil Hipkiss.

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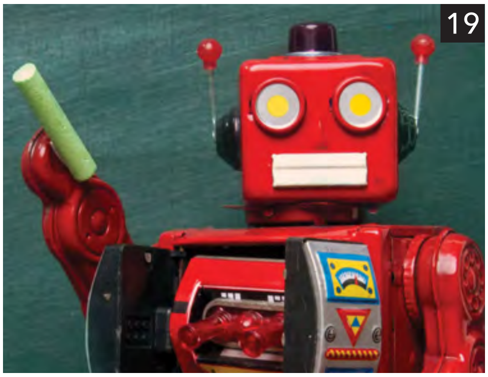
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COMING UP IN CANADA'S HISTORY

Dreams take flight
How an Ontario teenager became the first woman in Canada to earn a pilot's licence. Plus, a look at Canada's immigration history.

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Canada's History magazine was founded by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1920 as *The Beaver: A Journal of Progress*. The HBC's commitment to the History Society and its programs continues today through the Hudson's Bay Company History Foundation. Canada's History Society was founded in 1994 to popularize Canadian history. The society's work includes: *Canada's History* magazine, *Kayak: Canada's History Magazine for Kids*, CanadasHistory.ca, and the Governor General's History Awards.

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The importance of understanding Canada by examining the histories of its peoples has been an anchoring belief of Canada's History Society. Established in 1994 through the generous support of the Hudson's Bay Company History Foundation, we bring relevance and awareness to our nation's diverse past, illuminating the people, places, and events that unite us as Canadians.

The society's work includes: *Canada's History* magazine, *Kayak: Canada's History Magazine for Kids*, CanadasHistory.ca, and the Governor General's History Awards.

SOCIÉTÉ HISTOIRE CANADA

L'importance de comprendre notre propre identité par le truchement de l'histoire est au cœur de la philosophie de la Société Histoire Canada. Le travail de la Société, fondée en 1994 grâce au généreux soutien de la Fondation d'histoire de la Compagnie de la baie d'Hudson, consiste à faire connaître le passé diversifié de notre pays et à l'ancrer dans le contexte actuel, mais également à mettre en valeur les gens, les lieux et les événements qui nous unissent en tant que Canadiens.

La Société offre notamment aux Canadiens le magazine *Histoire Canada*,
le magazine *Kayak : Navigue dans l'histoire du Canada*,
le site HistoireCanada.ca et les Prix d'histoire du Gouverneur général.

CANADA'S HISTORY   HISTOIRE CANADA   Kayak

HBC Corporate Collection. Used with permission. *Chief Trader Archibald McDonald Descending the Fraser, 1828* by Adam Sherriff Scott, ca. 1942.

A real dogfight

In 1966, The Royal Guardsmen released a novelty tune about, of all things, a German flying ace from the Great War.

It was the age of gag songs; from "The Purple People Eater" to the "Monster Mash," daffy ditties were climbing the charts across North America.

In "Snoopy vs. The Red Baron," the courageous canine engages in an aerial duel with the dastardly Red Baron.

Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty or more
The Bloody Red Baron was rollin' up the score
Eighty men died tryin' to end that spree
Of the Bloody Red Baron of Germany.

The dogfight ends with Snoopy victorious and the Red Baron "spinning out of sight."

The enduring popularity of the tune speaks to the power of propaganda to elevate wartime heroes to mythic status.

Manfred von Richthofen was one of the first pilots to rise to prominence during the Great War. The image of the dashing flying ace in his blood-red Fokker Dr. 1 triplane captured imaginations on both sides of the conflict.

Flight was still a novelty then (the first Canadian powered flight had occurred in 1909), and military brain trusts promoted pilots' exploits as a way to buoy spirits on the home front. In the United Kingdom, Britons venerated pilot Albert Ball. South Africans cheered the achievements of Andrew Beauchamp-Proctor. And in Canada, William "Billy" Bishop became a household name. But the Red Baron, credited with eighty victories, eclipses them all.

To this day, controversy surrounds the fatal April 1918 flight that resulted in von Richthofen's death.

Officially, a Canadian, pilot Roy Brown, is credited with the kill. But some historians contend that the Red Baron was shot down by someone on the ground.

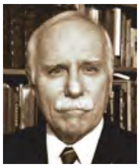
In "Final Flight of the Red Baron," author Joel Ralph examines the evidence — and shows that it's not a clear-cut case.

Elsewhere in this issue, we recall the contributions of Great War conscripts; we explore the tragic legacy of child labour in Canada; and we remember the dynamic and daring Quebec singer Eva Gauthier. Her story is especially relevant considering current-day concerns over cultural appropriation in the arts.

As for The Royal Guardsmen, the band continued to dwell in the musical doghouse, so to speak, releasing at least four more Snoopy-themed songs — most recently, "Snoopy vs. Osama" in 2006.

Mark Reid

CONTRIBUTORS



Patrick M. Dennis wrote "1918: Year of the Conscript." He is a retired Air Force colonel and the author of *Reluctant Warriors: Canadian Conscripts and the Great War*. He served abroad for more than twenty years, including tours as Canada's deputy military representative to the NATO Military Committee in Brussels and as defence attaché to Israel. He has lectured on global political-military affairs at Wilfrid Laurier University and was an instructor with the Canadian Forces College in Toronto, specializing in command and management and the law of armed conflict.

Ashley Henrickson is the author of "Children of Industry." She is the museum educator at the Galt Museum and Archives and an M.A. student at the University of Lethbridge. Her research has been supported by the Roger Soderstrom Scholarship and the Queen Elizabeth II Graduate Scholarship. She is writing a chapter with Dr. Kristine Alexander for a forthcoming book about the emotional experiences of Canadian children during the First World War.

Nathan M. Greenfield is the author of "A Bravura Life." He has written five military histories that cover Canada's participation in both world wars and is also a regular contributor to the (London) *Times Literary Supplement*. He has written several articles for *Canada's History* as well as two of the articles in *Canada's Great War Album*. He is working on a book on Bruno and Molly Bobak, who met in 1945 as war artists, married, and continued to paint in New Brunswick for more than six decades.

Joel Ralph wrote "The Red Baron." He is a graduate of the public history M.A. program at Western University and is the director of programs for Canada's History Society.

PHOTO TOP LEFT: ANDREW WORKMAN

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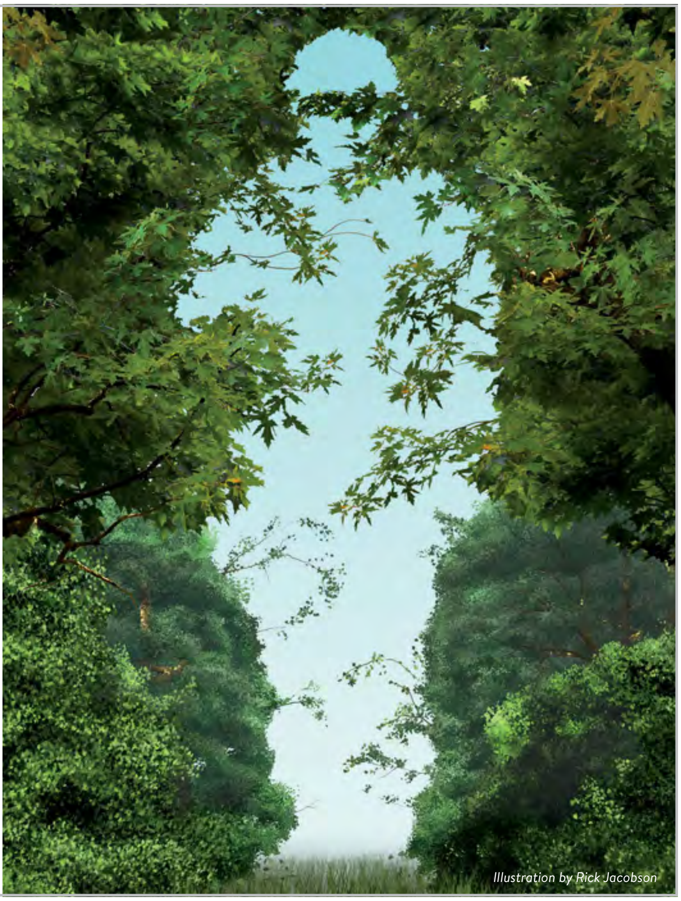
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CANADA'S HISTORY

Righting wrongs

Thank you to Lynn Gehl for sharing her personal family story of "the genocide of colonial Canada" in her piece "Fighting for Recognition" (December 2017-January 2018). It is painful to read.

That the government of Canada took such closed-minded, bigoted measures against people who had served in their own Canadian army as "dutiful and decorated soldiers" is unimaginably cruel. Can a decorated soldier really be "without legitimate identity or culture"?

As a Canadian, I am embarrassed and ashamed. My government has much to do to address and to make amends for such atrocities as these.

Ardythe McMaster
Rossendale, Manitoba

Jarring logjam

Your lumberjack story ("Timber!" October-November 2017) struck a chord with this reader.

My father, Duncan A. MacLean (1894–1971), headed west from Cape Breton at the age of 15 in the hope of earning enough to fund his ambition of becoming a minister.

He was tall (6' 2") and strong, so he was undaunted by the prospect of the dangerous work of the lumberjack.

He had many stories to tell us, but the one that resonated was his near brush with death.

On this occasion, he was "riding the logs," jumping from one to another and breaking up the jams that occurred with some regularity. This time he fell and found himself joining the logs rushing down the river. He knew he was in danger of drowning or being crushed by the timber that was hurtling around him. Death seemed imminent.

He somehow managed to raise his head and saw, ahead of him, an outcropping of land with a tree leaning over the water. With a mighty heave, he was able to grab a branch and pull himself out of the river. Eventually, he recovered enough to climb the tree and make his way to safety. This dramatic story brought me up short. The thought that my four sisters and I might never have existed was mind-blowing. I looked around at my precious family and wondered if life was really that chancy.

Katheryn Broughton
Thornhill, Ontario

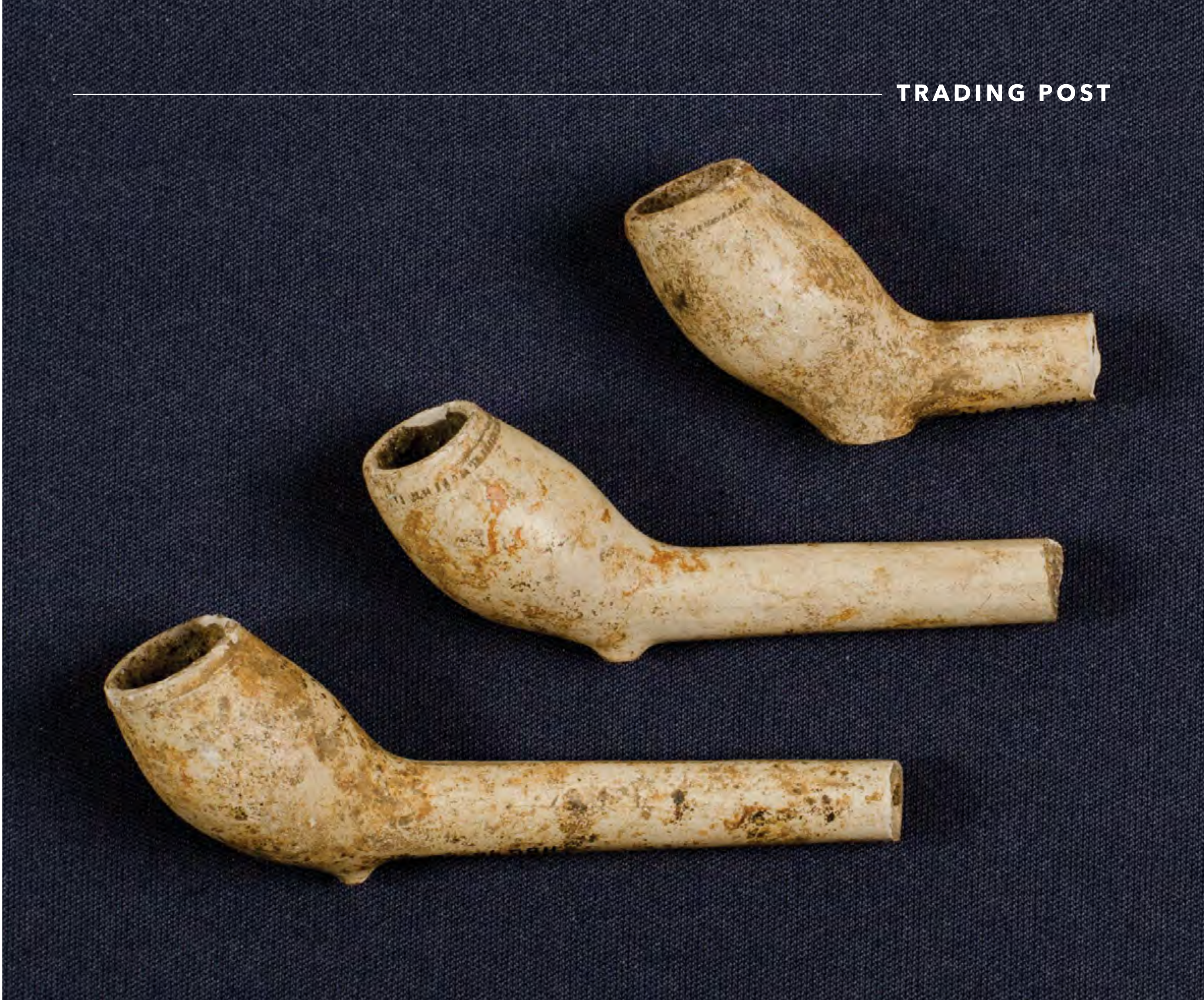
Explosive information

I very much enjoyed the February-March 2018 issue of *Canada's History*.

I particularly appreciated the "Radio Queens" article because it provided information about Kate Aitken and her cookbook. I have copied the information and inserted it in the copy of the cookbook that my mother had bought many years ago and which is now in my collection of yesteryear items. I appreciate the information.

Reg Smith
Ottawa

During the fur trade era, outposts regularly received "packets" of correspondence. Email your comments to editors@CanadasHistory.ca or write to Canada's History, Bryce Hall Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9 Canada.



ARTIFACTS FROM THE MANITOBA MUSEUM (HBC 98-75, HBC 98-76, HBC 98-77) / PHOTO BY ANDREW WORKMAN

Tobacco pipes

Tales and Treasures from the rich legacy of the Hudson's Bay Company

Clay tobacco pipes became part of European culture after encounters with Indigenous peoples in North America in the sixteenth century. Smoking quickly caught on, and pipes made from white kaolin clay were mass-produced and cheap enough for all classes to enjoy. The pipes at the top of the photograph rest on a flat heel, and the lower pipe rests on a spur. The shape of pipe bowls, heels, and spurs changed over time, and this allowed researchers to date these particular pipes to the mid-seventeenth century. These pipes also have a simple rouletted pattern around the rim, but none have the maker's marks that became more common after the late seventeenth century. They were discovered during the Guildhall Museum's excavations of the Hudson's Bay Company staff garden on Little Trinity Lane in London, England, in the summer of 1965. The garden was presumably part of the company's headquarters, as Beaver House was located right around the corner on Trinity Lane at Garlick Hill. While we unfortunately have no notes related to the excavation, the pipes predate HBC's occupation of that land from 1925 to 1970 and were likely left there much earlier in London's history.

—Amelia Fay, curator of the HBC Collection at the Manitoba Museum

HUDSON'S BAY

The Beaver magazine was originally founded as a Hudson's Bay Company publication in 1920. To read stories from past issues, go to **CanadasHistory.ca/Archive**. To explore the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, go to **hbcheritage.ca**, or follow HBC's Twitter and Instagram feeds at **@HBCHeritage.**

HIDDEN HERITAGE

Homeward bound

Historic D-Day house faces uncertain future. *By Shelley Boettcher*

For ninety years, a house has overlooked the beach at Bernières-sur-Mer, France. A stately two-storey summer home, it stands alone, looking toward England across the cold English Channel.

It wasn't built by Canadians, and Canadians don't own it. But on a stormy morning in June 1944 it became an unforgettable part of Canadian history.

La Maison des Canadiens — or Canada House, in English — is an iconic landmark in this village on the Normandy Coast. On June 6, 1944, it became the first house to be liberated during Operation Overlord, the Allied invasion of France.

Within twenty minutes of landing on the beach, the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada had opened fire, pushing out the German soldiers who had claimed the house as their own. A French-Canadian unit, Le Régiment de la Chaudière, joined the fight shortly after that. In 1944 the house was a major landmark, appearing in D-Day photos and grainy film footage viewed across the country. More than one hundred Canadians were killed on the beach in front of the building during the first few minutes of the battle.

"Almost every Canadian that landed on Juno Beach at that time saw the house," said Gauthier Hebbelynck, president of L'Association la Maison des Canadiens.

"Today it stands for the Canadian sacrifice in Normandy. It's a place ... where people can remember the Canadian sacrifice during the Second World War."

This past year, however, the house lost its staunchest supporter. For more than forty years, Herve Hoffer — who owned the house with his wife, Nicole Hoffer — had welcomed visitors and shared stories of the famous house.

But in early 2017 Herve died after a stroke, and a year later Nicole and their two grown sons are dealing with the complex history and the upkeep that comes with owning a ninety-year-old home. "It costs a lot of money," said Hebbelynck, an honorary officer of the Canadian Army's British Columbia Regiment. "It's an old lady, and it's on the seaside, so it suffers a lot from the wind and the water."

The house was built in 1928 as a summer vacation home for Leon Enault, a Parisian department store director. Enault had the house constructed as a duplex so that it could be split equally with his grandchildren, Denise and Roger Videcop. And for years, before the start of the war, the house was named after them, Villa Denise et Roger.

They had no interest in it, however, and in 1936 both sides were sold. One was bought by Edmond Hoffer, a doctor from Le Havre, France. His wife operated a teahouse around the corner, and they dreamed of a future where their children's children would one day enjoy the home.

But on September 1, 1939, the Second World War began. By June 1940, the Germans controlled much of France, including Bernières-sur-Mer. The beach had become a military zone under German occupation. Civilians were forbidden

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

Opposite page: Canadian soldiers speak to liberated French citizens at Bernières-sur-Mer, France, in June 1944. The house that became La Maison des Canadiens is seen in the background. Above: La Maison des Canadiens today. Top right: A photo showing German prisoners under guard following the D-Day invasion. Bottom Right: The view of the beach from La Maison des Canadiens.

to enter the zone, and most homes (and the teahouse) were destroyed, giving the Germans a better view of the channel.

No one knows exactly why the Hoffer house was not torn down during those years. Some say it's because it wasn't within the firing lines of the German anti-aircraft guns. Others say it's because a German officer took a liking to the stately structure and wanted to make it his base.

It took several years for the home to be rebuilt after the war, and Herve Hoffer took it over after his grandfather died. As the fortieth anniversary of D-Day grew closer, the family noticed that more Canadian veterans were coming to revisit the place that had been such a pivotal part of their lives. The Hoffers welcomed them, every time.

Over the years, Hoffer amassed myriad historical photos and mementos, including a Nazi armband left behind during the retreat and a bloodstained French franc given to Hoffer by a Canadian veteran who had received it from a wounded German soldier in return for sparing his life.

Canadian Terri Kubik was at the house in 2009 when Canadian veteran Ernie Kells stopped by.

"There stands this elderly gentleman who said, 'Hi, I was here in 1944. I'm the one that threw the grenade in the basement. I'm so sorry about the damage I caused. Just send me the bill,'" Kubik recalled. "Herve said, 'No, no, the bill has already been paid.'"

Herve Hoffer, Kubik explained, believed that his family may not still have existed today had it not been for the Canadians in 1944. Kubik, who is from Ontario, became friends with the Hoffers in 2003 during the opening of the Juno Beach Centre, Canada's Second World War museum in Courseulles-sur-Mer. A board member of the L'Association la Maison des Canadiens, she now travels regularly to France, giving tours when visitors — there are many — stop in. "It's unlike any history lesson you'll get in school, unlike anything we learned about any kind of war, really," she said.

What will happen now that Herve has passed away? The right-hand side of the duplex is owned by a different family and is not open to the public. Herve's wife and sons hope to continue the Hoffer legacy of welcoming visitors to the home, said Hebbelynck. Ultimately, they hope to turn their half of the building into a museum.

The Hoffers believe many in the town support their vision; following Herve's death, the street behind the house was renamed in his honour.

Hebbelynck recalls an elderly man who visited a couple of years ago. He was quiet, just looking out the window toward the beach. "I asked him, 'How did it feel to be here, almost at the end of the war?'" Hebbelynck said. The old man turned around and stared. "I wake up every night and I see the faces of the men who didn't make it," he told Hebbelynck.

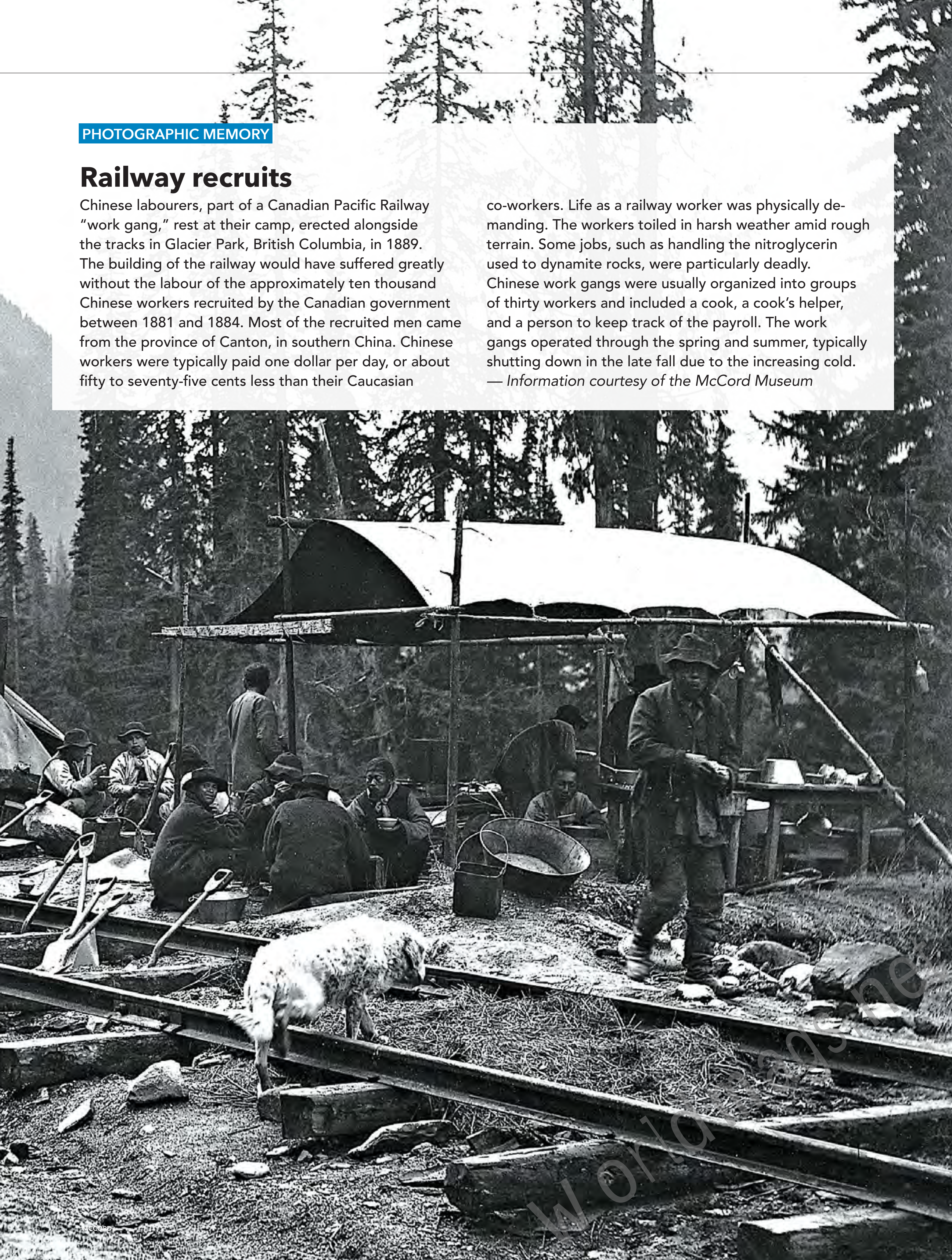
"For me, the war never ended. It's been going on for the last seventy years in my heart and in my head."

COURTESY SHELLEY BOETTCHER

PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY

Railway recruits

Chinese labourers, part of a Canadian Pacific Railway "work gang," rest at their camp, erected alongside the tracks in Glacier Park, British Columbia, in 1889. The building of the railway would have suffered greatly without the labour of the approximately ten thousand Chinese workers recruited by the Canadian government between 1881 and 1884. Most of the recruited men came from the province of Canton, in southern China. Chinese workers were typically paid one dollar per day, or about fifty to seventy-five cents less than their Caucasian co-workers. Life as a railway worker was physically demanding. The workers toiled in harsh weather amid rough terrain. Some jobs, such as handling the nitroglycerin used to dynamite rocks, were particularly deadly. Chinese work gangs were usually organized into groups of thirty workers and included a cook, a cook's helper, and a person to keep track of the payroll. The work gangs operated through the spring and summer, typically shutting down in the late fall due to the increasing cold.
— *Information courtesy of the McCord Museum*



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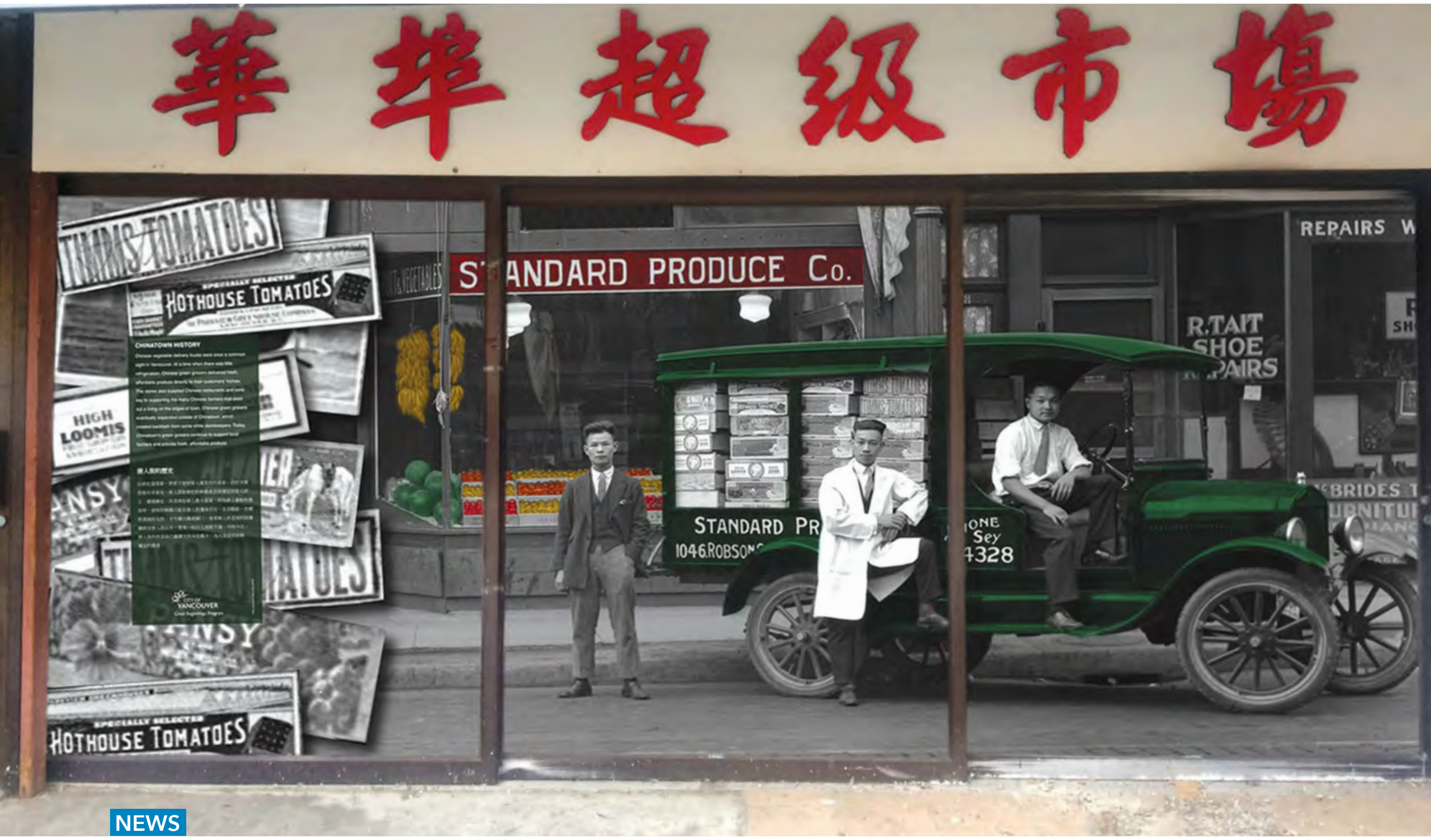


NEWS

Windows into the past

Storefronts tell the story of Vancouver's Chinese community. *by Marianne Helm*

Catherine Clement sensed that the rich history and character of Vancouver's Chinatown was eroding — just like the empty buildings in the neighbourhood that played such an integral role in Canada's history. Both the local history and the once-bustling buildings were crumbling before her eyes.

So she decided to do something to help to reinforce the foundations. "My goal was to help people appreciate the enormous, colourful history of this neighbourhood: what happened in some of the buildings, who were some of the people who walked the streets," said Clement, curator of the Chinatown Stories Centre in Vancouver.

She launched the Chinatown History Windows Project in the spring of 2017 to draw back the curtains and offer a view to the past. She chose twenty-two large, historical photos that depicted the community's past life and times. The images were enlarged and installed to completely cover street-level windows in vacant buildings. Each image was accompanied by a short story describing the scene to passersby.

As the project gained in popularity, local business owners offered up their own windows to use.

"It was important to us that we help the people remember the stories of this very unique neighbourhood and commemorate the moments and the lives of those men and women who have gone before us," Clement said. "Vancouver's Chinatown was at the epicentre of the early Chinese-Canadian journey. It was in this neighbourhood that the best and the worst moments of living in Canada were keenly experienced by the first few generations of Chinese. It was here that racist policies had their greatest impact. And it was in this neighbourhood that the long battle to win equal rights for Chinese in Canada was fought and won, and where acceptance and integration took hold."

The project coincided with Canada's sesquicentennial as well as the seventieth anniversary of Chinese Canadians gaining the rights to full citizenship and to vote.

The larger-than-life scenes allowed pedestrians and tourists to come face-to-face with memories and moments in time — many long forgotten, and some never seen before, including images of railway workers, Chinatown's past merchants, local women working to support the war efforts, and individuals

CHINATOWN PHOTOS COURTESY OF CATHERINE CLEMENT

WASHING/IRONING
433
LEO Fine Hair Salon

Storefronts in Vancouver's Chinatown display scenes from the neighbourhood's past. The Chinatown History Windows Project features twenty-two historical photographs.

who fought to win the vote for Chinese Canadians.

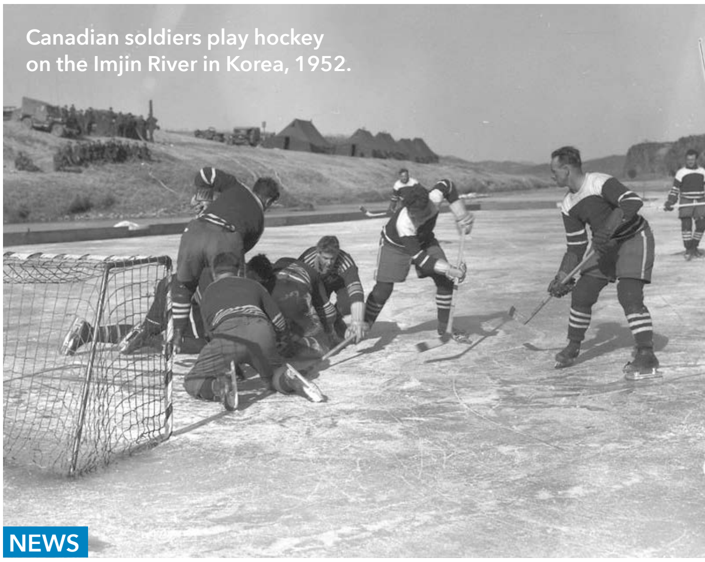
"People would not have to make an effort to go into a museum to learn about Chinatown," said Clement. "Instead, bits and pieces of Chinatown history would be offered to them as they walked by."

The project, which was shortlisted for the Governor General's History Award for Excellence in Community Programming, helped to revive both the community's collective memories and its curb appeal. It also helped younger Chinese Canadians connect with the previous generations' struggles and achievements. It set an example for other communities seeking to rejuvenate, while also honouring their past.

"We do not want the neighbourhood to become Chinatown in name only," she said. "By helping people to understand the area's significance, we hope this will encourage more residents to push for policies that will conserve and enhance the unique attributes of this inner-city neighbourhood."

Most of the murals are still in windows in Vancouver's Chinatown. For more information go to: CanadasHistory.ca/ChinatownWindows.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA



Canadian soldiers play hockey on the Imjin River in Korea, 1952.

NEWS

Veterans mark historic hockey games

An annual match honours relationships forged during the Korean War.

A hockey team comprising Canadian Korean War veterans, expats living in Korea, and military personnel took to the ice in January to honour historic matches that took place during the Korean War.

The Imjin Classic was inspired by hockey games held in the winter of 1952–53 between two Canadian military regiments that fought in the conflict: the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry and the Royal 22nd Regiment. Those games were played on the frozen Imjin River in Paju City, northeast of Seoul.

On January 19, 2018, the Canadian hockey squad suited up against a team comprised of players from Yonsei University and Korea University. The game was played near Paju as the Olympic torch passed through on its way to the Olympic Winter Games in PyeongChang, South Korea. Among the players were retired Canadian Korean War veterans Colonel Claude Charland, Sergeant Dennis Moore, and Lieutenant Colonel John Bishop.

The Korean War began on June 25, 1950, and the combat phase ended on July 27, 1953, with the signing of the Korean Armistice Agreement. Many Canadians continued to serve in Korea between the signing of the armistice and the end of 1955.

The inaugural Imjin Classic, held in 2013, was the brainchild of Canadian Senator Yonah Martin, who was inspired to organize the commemorative match after seeing a black-and-white photo of the "Princess Pats" and the "Van Doos" playing in Korea in 1952.

— *Jessica Knapp*

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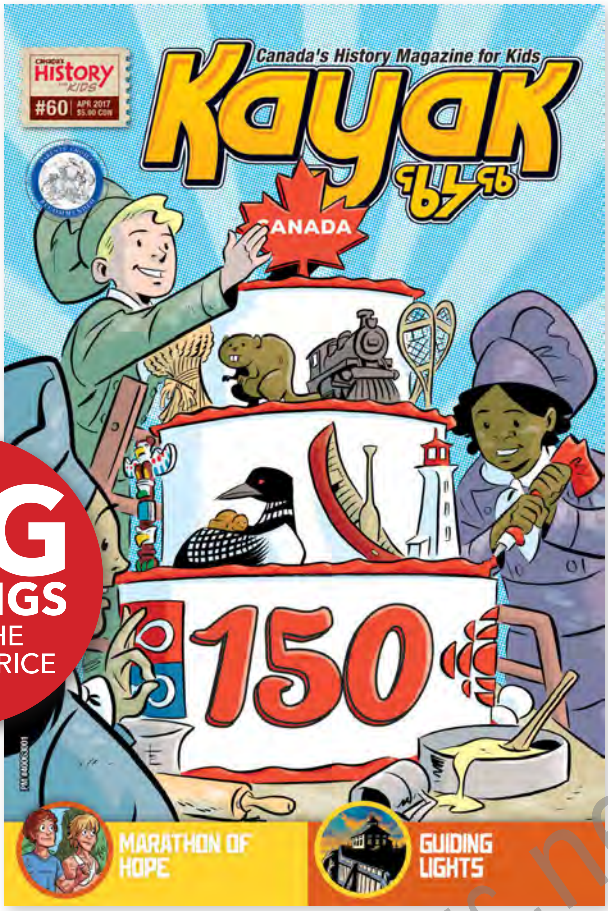
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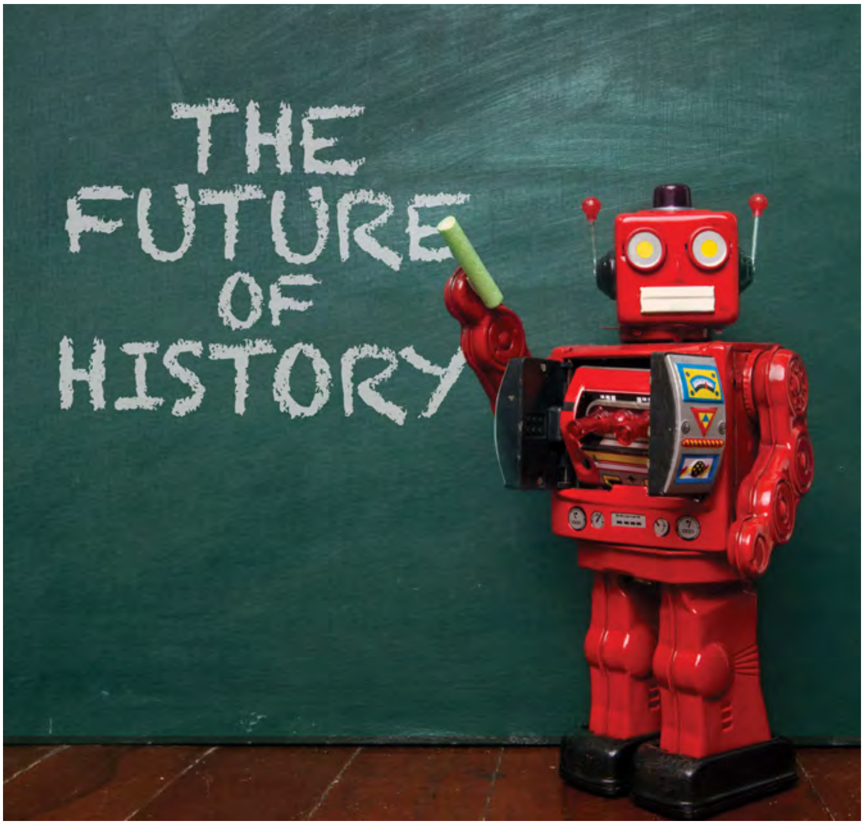


ISTOCK

Digital dreams

Historians are hopeful that the Internet will unlock new worlds of data.

“Siri, who won the Oscar for best film?” “Alexa, play me some country music.” “Hey Google, turn up the thermostat.” Commands like these are familiar to Canadians with Internet voice assistants in their homes or offices. But how about, “Hey Google, what was the seigneurial system?” Or, “Hey Google, what was the social gospel?”

For his introductory Canadian history class at York University in Toronto, Sean Kheraj often gave a baseline-knowledge test to see how well his students knew the building blocks of history. Then he started to wonder: Could you just outsource the history basics to Siri or Alexa?

Kheraj soon found that he could — pretty much. “If Google Home understood the question, its answer was generally pretty good,” he told me recently. To his question about the seigneurial regime — and most of his other questions — his voice assistant instantly gave a good, concise description. His social gospel question somehow got a reply about polar bears, but mostly “the basic information is there,” he said. A voice assistant will tell you all the basics of Canadian history, and you never have to open a book or a web page.

Kheraj doesn’t think Google Home will put historians out of a job. His voice assistant was less useful on meaning and explanation. “When artificial intelligence really starts to deliver original AI-developed ideas and thoughts, well, that will be on the front page of the *New York Times*,” he said.

The need for human skills in thinking, analyzing, and explaining endure — and that still needs a lot of historical knowledge stored right in your own brain’s grey matter.

But “Hey Google” does not mark the limits of historical interaction with the digital realm. Many archives now use digitization — using scanning technology to transform physical documents into digital files — to make whole collections available to anyone with an Internet connection, and today online visitors often outnumber the researchers who visit the physical archives in a given year. To build another kind of online archive, the Confederation Debates Project has taken up a different kind of digital history: crowdsourcing.

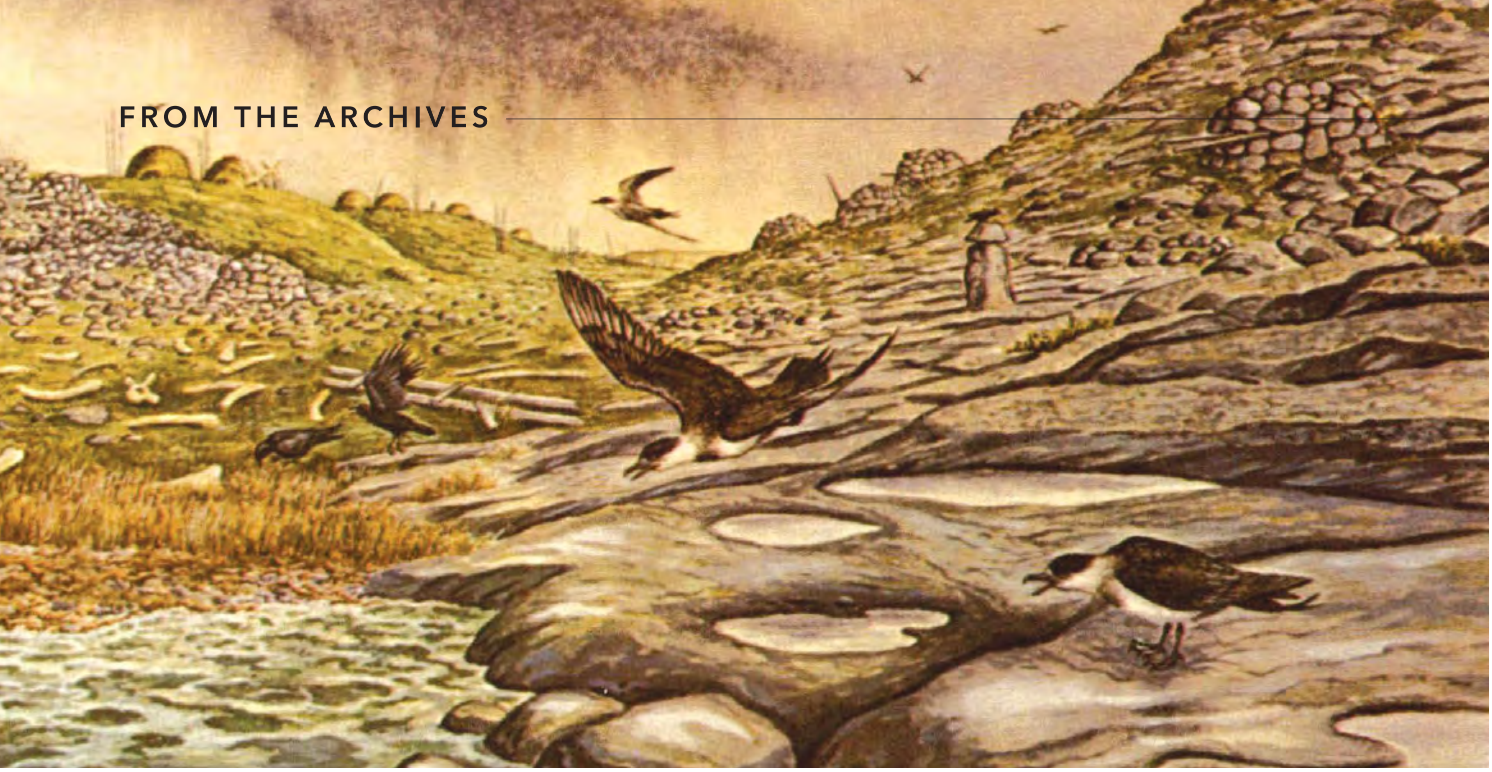
No one has ever published the ten-thousand-page book that would include all the documents and debates that built the Canadian federation, from the four provinces of 1867 to today’s ten provinces, three territories, and hundreds of First Nations territories. With Canada 150 support, the Confederation Debates project began in 2015 to scan every relevant document and treaty and to make them all available on a single accessible website.

But nineteenth-century constitutional documents are not easily handled by optical character recognition — the technology that makes a digital page searchable by name, or date, or keyword. The OCR pages are riddled with errors, even gibberish. So the Confederation Debates team recruited more than two hundred online volunteer contributors, from student programmers to senior citizens, to copy-edit and to analyze historical documents at their computers.

“There were retirees who had mobility issues or just had an ongoing historical interest,” said historian Daniel Heidt, who managed the project. “There were immigrants who wanted to learn about their new country and student programmers who helped build our software tools.” By the summer of 2018, a dedicated Confederation Debates website hosted by the University of Victoria will house a searchable collection documenting the building of the Canadian federation.

The promise of digital history is vast, but its Holy Grail may be programming tools that can give historians effective access to the vast contents of the digital records the world has produced since the 1990s. That’s a topic for my next column: big data history in the infinite archives of cyberspace.

Christopher Moore comments in every issue of *Canada’s History*.



In the company of explorers

The Spring 1971 issue of *The Beaver* begins with two articles about the animal that was the impetus for the Canadian fur trade and thereby for the magazine's publisher, Hudson's Bay Company. The first article, "Castor the Beaver: A Miscellany," quotes trader, explorer, and surveyor David Thompson as saying that before Europeans arrived the land was "in the possession of two distinct races of beings, Man and the Beaver." Often-fanciful historic illustrations of communities of beavers, and carefully made photographs of the animals in their habitat, are accompanied by factual information, historical impressions, and reports of encounters, such as from the May 13, 1966, edition of the *Halifax Chronicle Herald*, which reported: "A local woman today killed a forty-pound beaver in the field near her home, after it attacked her."

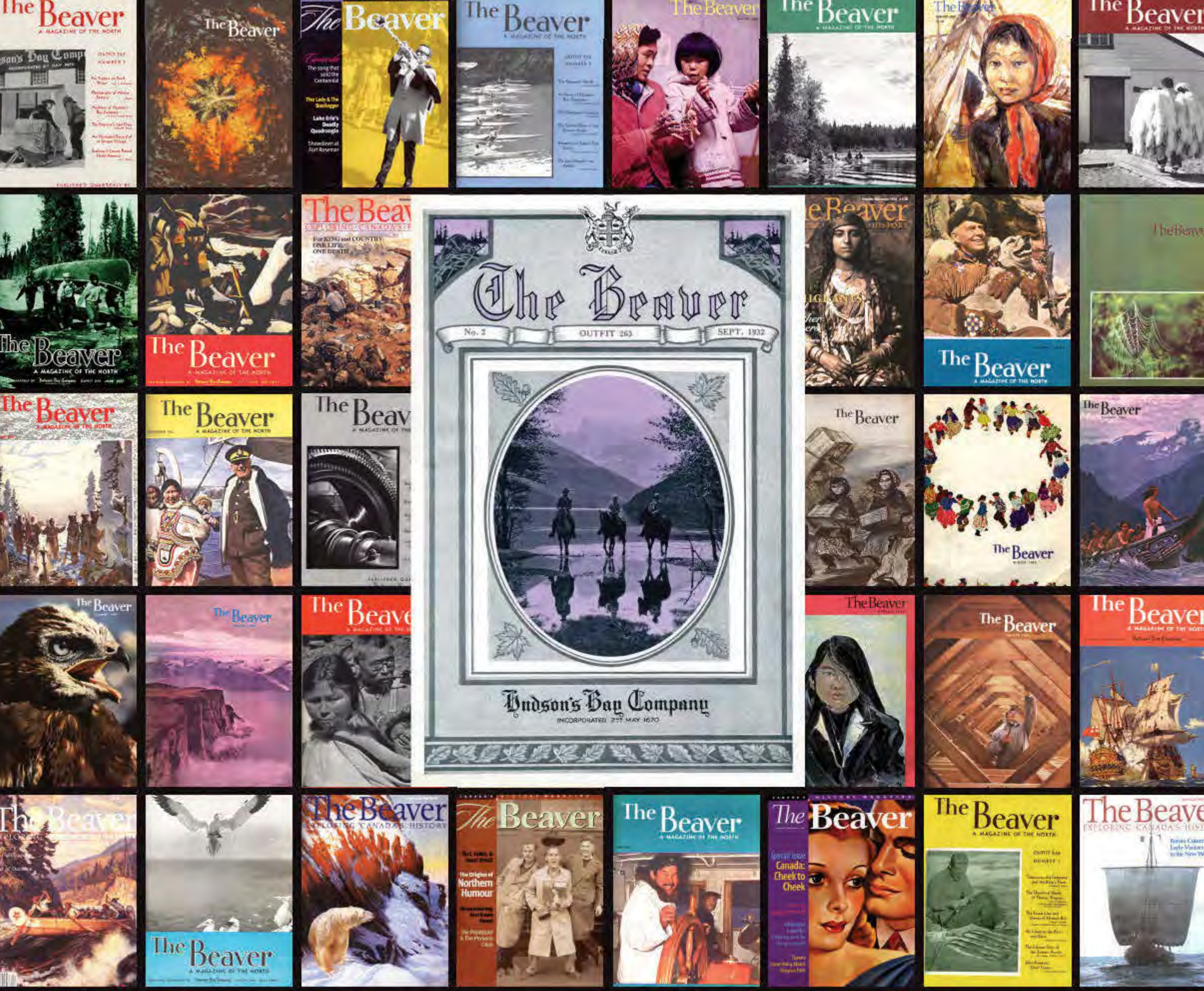
An article by anthropologist Charles F. Merbs tells of the 1631 journey in Hudson Bay by Luke Foxe in search of the Northwest Passage. Foxe named a small island in honour of his benefactor, Sir Thomas Rowe, but its location eluded future explorers. Merbs' article also documents his own 1967 trip the same area with the hope of identifying the island upon which Foxe had landed. After a process of elimination, Merbs concluded that it was the island Silumiut, which contains many historic Inuit graves.

"The Years of No Dividend," by K.G. Davies, explains twenty-eight years early in the history of Hudson's Bay Company — from 1690 to 1718 — when its stockholders, including King William, received no payments. After investing most of its early profits in forts, trading posts, ships, and goods, the company had delivered fat dividends between 1688 and 1690. But war between England and France, as well as a prolonged depression in the years after the large payouts, led to a dividend freeze that historian Douglas MacKay called "an almost unparalleled experience in any company story!"

In the same issue, Terry Smythe tells of a contingent of Buddhist nuns who in 1791 travelled from Ceylon to Montreal. From there they journeyed by canoe, arriving the next summer at Île-à-la-Crosse in what is now northwest Saskatchewan, where they founded a convent. Part of their journey was made with trader and explorer Alexander Mackenzie, for whom, Smythe speculates, the nuns' "demands that the canoes be stopped thirteen times a day for prayers must have been exasperating." — *Phil Koch*

Top: Charles Joslin painted the Hudson Bay island Silumiut as it might have appeared to explorer Luke Foxe in 1631. Middle: The obverse and reverse of the great seal on the Hudson's Bay Company's charter. The seal was sometimes used as security for loans. Above: The beaver, *Castor canadensis*, is the largest rodent in North America. Explorer and trader Samuel Hearne noted that they were "remarkably fond of rice and plum-pudding."

The Canada's History Archive featuring *The Beaver* was made possible with the generous support of the Hudson's Bay Company History Foundation. Visit **CanadasHistory.ca/Archive** to read ninety-plus years of stories.


The Beaver
No. 2
OUTFIT 263
SEPT. 1932
Hudson's Bay Company
INCORPORATED 2nd MAY 1670

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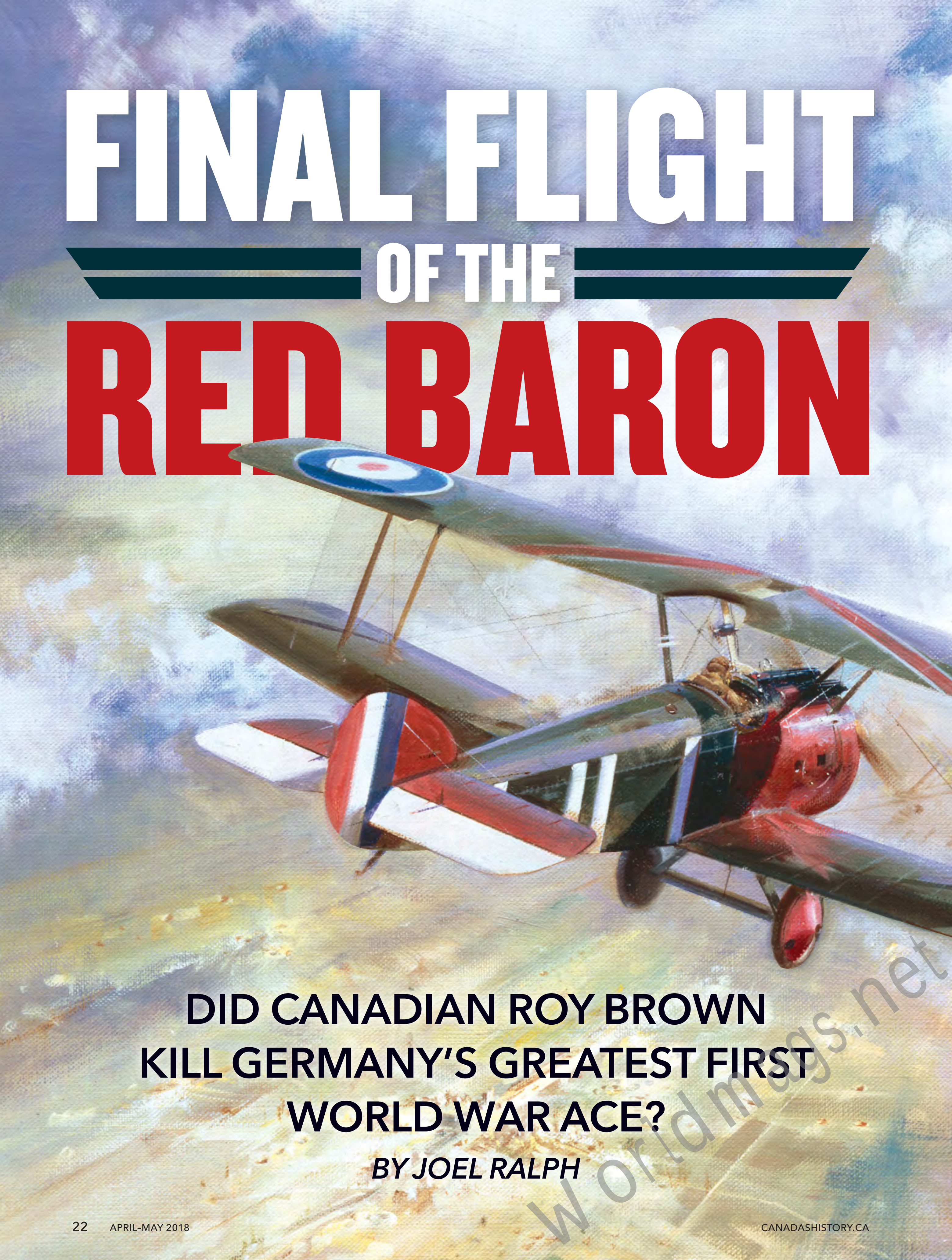
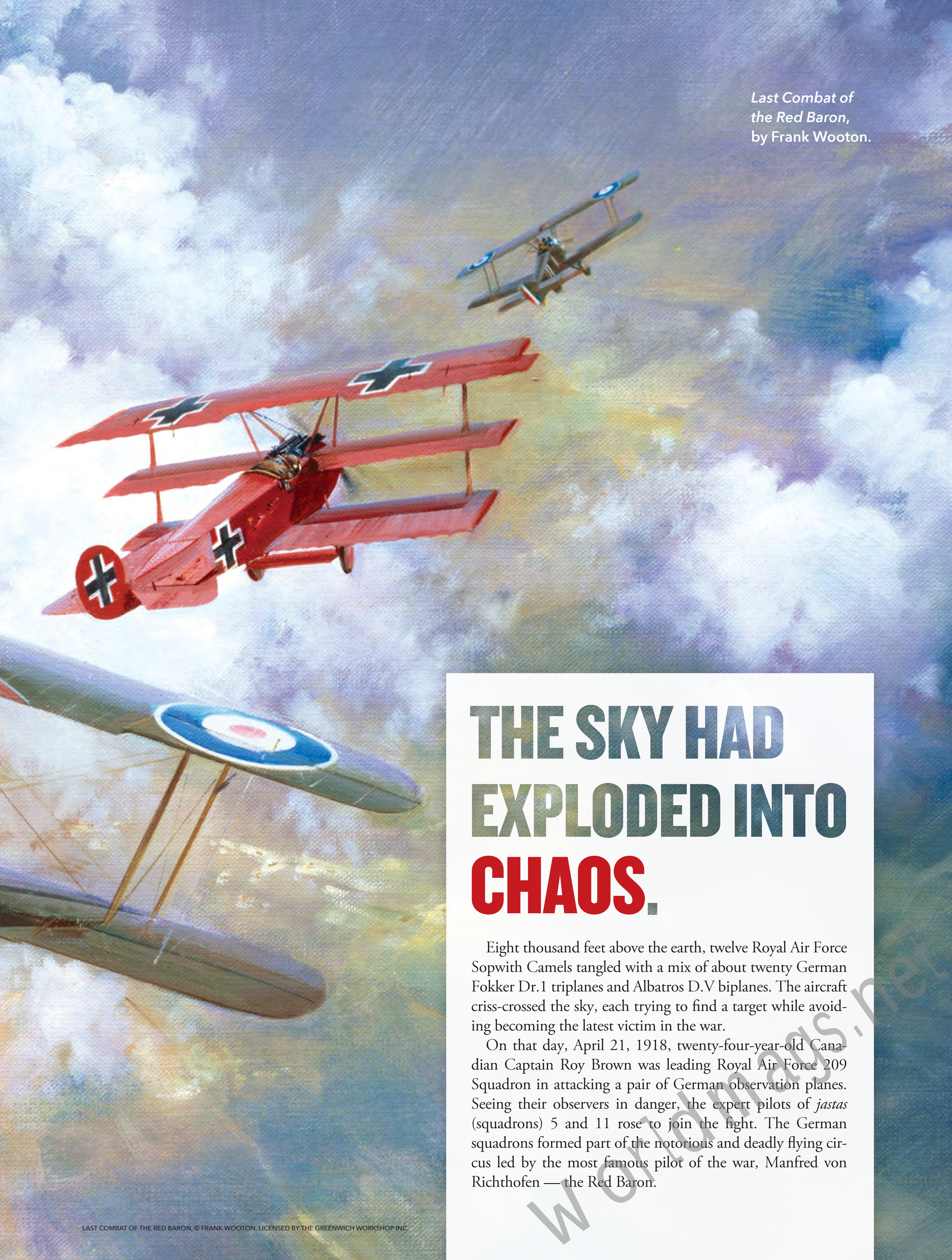
CANADA'S HISTORY

FINAL FLIGHT OF THE RED BARON



DID CANADIAN ROY BROWN KILL GERMANY'S GREATEST FIRST WORLD WAR ACE?

BY JOEL RALPH



Last Combat of the Red Baron, by Frank Wooton.

THE SKY HAD EXPLODED INTO CHAOS.

Eight thousand feet above the earth, twelve Royal Air Force Sopwith Camels tangled with a mix of about twenty German Fokker Dr.1 triplanes and Albatros D.V biplanes. The aircraft criss-crossed the sky, each trying to find a target while avoiding becoming the latest victim in the war.

On that day, April 21, 1918, twenty-four-year-old Canadian Captain Roy Brown was leading Royal Air Force 209 Squadron in attacking a pair of German observation planes. Seeing their observers in danger, the expert pilots of *jastas* (squadrons) 5 and 11 rose to join the fight. The German squadrons formed part of the notorious and deadly flying circus led by the most famous pilot of the war, Manfred von Richthofen — the Red Baron.

LAST COMBAT OF THE RED BARON, © FRANK WOOTON, LICENSED BY THE GREENWICH WORKSHOP INC.

Top: Manfred von Richthofen, also known as the Red Baron, and fellow German pilots, circa 1917. The Red Baron is seated in the plane's cockpit. Bottom Left: Von Richthofen with one of his triplanes. Bottom Right: A 1917 portrait of the Red Baron by photographer C.J. von Dühren.

ALAMY; GRANGER ARCHIVES.

The aircraft clashed over German trenches and began drifting toward Allied territory, helped by a rare east wind. In a torrent of noise and movement each plane circled, trying to get into a position to attack the enemy. What must have felt like an eternity took only minutes to conclude.

As the flight leader, Brown was on the lookout for both potential targets and fellow pilots in need of help. Below, he caught sight of one of his Sopwith Camels making for home. The pilot was his high school friend from Edmonton, Wilfrid "Wop" May, trying to extricate himself from his first real air battle. Behind him a lone red Fokker triplane was following and closing quickly.

Brown immediately put his own Sopwith Camel into a dive and headed to help his fellow pilot. The captain slowly closed in on the two fighters below, all the while watching his own tail to ensure he was not in imminent danger himself.

In what must have been agonizingly slow moments, Brown watched as the red triplane peppered his victim with short machine gun bursts. Finally, approaching from out of the sun, Brown let loose a long burst of machine gun fire from approximately three hundred metres away.

The pilot of the red triplane, realizing his suddenly precarious position, turned and dove. Brown, believing his fellow pilot to be safe, also turned away to help another distressed pilot who was being pursued by a pair of German fighters.

Brown, May, and all of their fellow pilots from 209 Squadron managed to return safely to their airfield. Lieutenant (and later air vice marshal) Francis Mellersh, who was leading one of the three flights and whom Brown had also helped, had witnessed the crash of the red triplane. It appeared that Brown had a confirmed kill.

While the pilots enjoyed their well-earned lunch they received a phone call. Manfred von Richthofen, the Red Baron himself, had been identified as the pilot of the red triplane. His dead body had been recovered from the aircraft.

Had Captain Roy Brown shot down and killed Germany's greatest war ace?

Manfred von Richthofen and Roy Brown took very different paths to that fateful day in April 1918. Von Richthofen was a Prussian aristocrat born in what is today part of Poland. A strong and natural athlete, he had grown up riding horses and entered military training by age eleven. Hunting was a favourite pastime, and, like all great fighter pilots, von Richthofen was an excellent marksman.

He began the war as a cavalry officer, but with the weakness of mounted soldiers exposed by modern machine guns and artillery he was relegated to secondary duties. Bored with life behind the lines, he requested a transfer to the air force, which was accepted in October 1915. By September 1916 he had registered his first confirmed victory; by the end of the year he had reached fifteen kills.

On January 4, 1917, he shot down Canadian Flight Lieutenant Allan Switzer Todd, the first of forty-seven confirmed kills for von Richthofen that year. Over the course of the war the Red Baron would claim a total of nine Canadians killed or captured. His achievements of 1917 were only curtailed by a severe head wound in July that eventually left him on medical leave for most of September and October.

By 1918 von Richthofen was a household name in Germany. His autobiography *Der Röte Kampfflieger* (*The Red Fighter Pilot*) was published that winter with the familiar red Fokker triplane on the cover. The book, a mix of personal experience and propaganda, was sent to hundreds of thousands of troops on the front lines. An English version was even published in the summer of 1918 after his death.

Von Richthofen was a hero of the German empire and his image could be found across Germany. He appeared in a film entitled *Kriefslfier an Der Westfront* (War fliers on the Western Front) that was shown across Germany. The film opens with scenes of new air pilots and several other leading German fighter pilots. "However," notes film historian Michael Paris, "it is evident that the main subject is Richthofen; indeed the shots of the early aces appear only as a prelude which leads inexorably to the emergence of the Baron, the 'Ace of Aces.'"

Each side needed heroes to distract from the never-ending bloodbath of the Western Front. Fighter pilots provided an ounce of chivalry and excitement that seemed to lift the war out of the mud and into the realm of knights of the sky. In reality the war was no more kind to the pilots who burned up, fell through the sky, or crashed to their deaths, but the perception that the war was somehow more fair and equitable in the air had significant purpose.

Top: Lieutenant Wilfrid "Wop" May in 1920. May's nickname stuck after a little cousin mispronounced his first name as "Woppie." Bottom: A 1917 photograph of Captain Arthur Roy Brown, the Canadian credited with shooting down the Red Baron.

GELENBOW, LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

Roy Brown was born in Carleton Place, Ontario, in December 1893, about eighteen months after von Richthofen's birth. Also a gifted athlete, he played several different sports and was even approached by the Ottawa Senators hockey team for a potential tryout.

After completing business training in Ottawa, Brown moved to Edmonton to live with his uncle and to finish his high school diploma. His goal was to eventually study business management at McGill University, but with the outbreak of war he set his sights on the skies. He paid for his own air training at the Wright School of Aviation near Dayton, Ohio. For $250 he received the necessary four hours of flight training that allowed him to volunteer for the Royal Naval Air Service.

While that sounds like an incredibly short period of flying time, it's important to remember that at this stage flights were measured in minutes, not hours. It was only in December 1903 that Orville and Wilbur Wright had piloted the first successful powered flight on the beach at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. The first Canadian powered flight, organized by Alexander Graham Bell and flown by Douglas McCurdy, had followed in 1909. Only a few years later, pilots around the world were training for air battles that could scarcely have been imagined only a few months before.

"We have had our altitude flights," Brown explained in one of his letters home. "I was up to about 800 feet, cut off my engine and volplaned [went into a controlled dive] down. It is a great sensation to feel that you are going to land just wherever you wish."

By November, after many delays, Brown was finally able to complete his training, and by mid-December he was in England learning the finer points of aerial combat in the Royal Naval Air Service. He achieved his first confirmed victory in July 1917 and added five more that September and October. He was awarded a Distinguished Service Cross in October, around the same time he was promoted to flight commander with No. 9 Squadron.

In September 1917 Brown wrote home to his mother. The *Ottawa Citizen* had published a letter from another pilot about the "thrilling" lifestyle of a modern-day fighter pilot. Brown's response was unequivocal and provides a window into his experience of the war.

"If you have noticed, it is the chaps who do nothing that put those in [letters published in newspapers]. They are all talk," Brown wrote. "When I write letters home they are for the family only. I do not care a rap whether people think I am doing anything or not. I did not come over here for that. I came because I felt I should come. I am doing my best and can do no more. I have been some help in this war and if anything happens to me

A.108
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6580
58
A3340
27
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A6382
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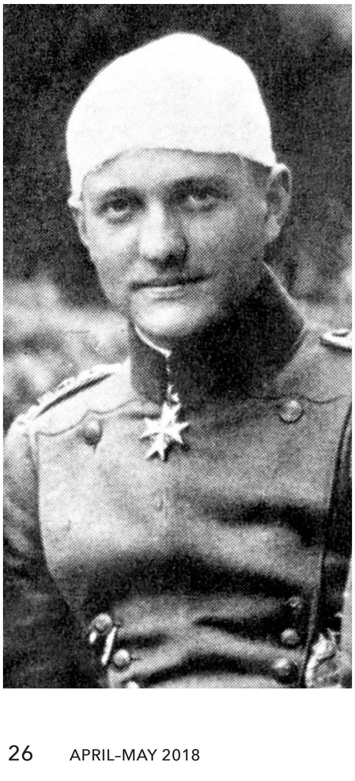
A240
N5193
5841
2503
A6382

Top: The Richthofen Museum, in the Red Baron's family home in Schweidnitz, Germany, displays souvenirs of the pilot's many aerial victories. Following the Second World War, the town was annexed by Poland and renamed Swidnica.

Bottom Left: The Red Baron wears bandages due to a head injury that some historians say was a factor in his fatal flight.

Bottom Right: Members of the Australian military show off pieces of wreckage from the Red Baron's triplane on April 22, 1918. Some historians argue that an Australian fired the fatal bullet that killed the Red Baron.



ALAMY STOCK, GRANGER ARCHIVES, AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL.

now, I have done some work anyway. If I am satisfied within myself that I have done as well as I can, that is all I care about."

When the Royal Flying Corps and Royal Naval Air Service merged on April 1, 1918, Brown's squadron became 209 Squadron of the Royal Air Force. It was only three weeks before he and his fellow pilots would encounter the Red Baron on April 21, 1918.

News of von Richthofen's death was officially announced by the British the day after their encounter and at the same time that Australian soldiers were giving von Richthofen a full military burial. The news was published around the world, including in the *New York Times*.

General Ernst Wilhelm von Hoeppner, commander of the German air force, confirmed glumly that "He has Fallen." Von Hoeppner announced that "the German Army has lost its greatly admired pilot and the fighting airmen their beloved leader. He remains the hero of the German peoples for whom he fought and died. His death is a deep wound for his *Geschwader* and for the entire Air Service. The will by which he conquered and led, that he handed down, will heal that wound."

Several claims to have shot the Red Baron were immediately submitted. In addition to Brown, multiple Australian soldiers on the ground claimed to have fired the fatal shot, including Sergeant Cedric Popkin, gunner W. J. Evans, and gunner Robert Buie.

From the perspective of the newly formed Royal Air Force, there was little doubt that Canadian pilot Roy Brown had killed the Red Baron. Brown and his fellow pilots from 209 Squadron even managed to pull a few war trophies from von Richthofen's aircraft, including his seat and a piece of the air fabric that wrapped his red triplane and bore the newly adopted German Balkenkreuz (cross) insignia. The pilots of 209 Squadron etched their names onto the cross to mark their moment in history. Both pieces are on display in the bar area of the Royal Canadian Military Institute in Toronto, where they are a reminder of Canada's aviation history.

The Australian commanders, on the other hand, vigorously supported the claims of their own soldiers. In the end the official coroner's report was inconclusive, and the question of who killed the Red Baron has remained one of the great mysteries of the First World War.

Many intensive studies have been done, all of which reinforce the great challenges of reconstructing an aerial battle decades, or even a century, later. Tracking individual bullets through the fog of war, either in the air, at sea, or on the ground, is incredibly difficult.

Historians Norman Franks and Alan Bennett published the most intensive of these studies in 1998. Franks and Bennett meticulously unearthed and reviewed countless documents related to von Richthofen's fateful final flight.

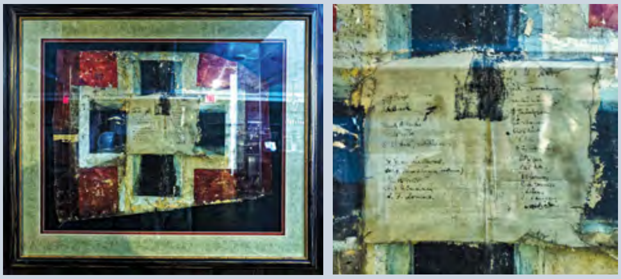
Roy Brown's claim to have downed the Red Baron, while likely an honest one, is almost certainly not supported by the evidence at hand. After Brown attacked the Red Baron he saw von Richthofen dive, and two of his fellow pilots witnessed the German pilot's crash after a steep vertical dive.

It's understandable how these two events were assumed to be connected, but in fact there was a period of about ninety sec-

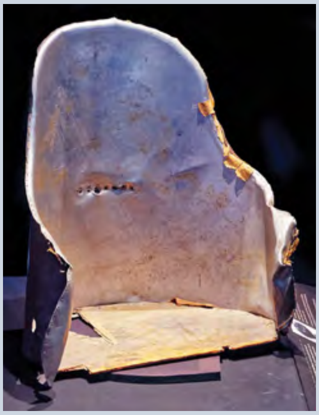
ROYAL CANADIAN MILITARY INSTITUTE

RELICS OF THE RED BARON

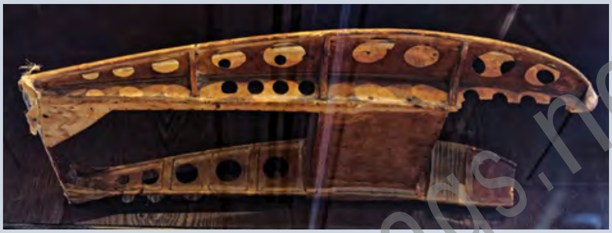
The museum of the Royal Canadian Military Institute (RCMI) in Toronto houses Canada's most extensive display of artifacts related to the Red Baron. Captain Roy Brown, a member of the RCMI, donated most of the items himself in 1920. He and his colleagues salvaged them from the wreck of Manfred von Richthofen's Fokker triplane. The display also includes Brown's original miniature medal set.



This large piece of fabric "skin" bears the iconic red paint unique to von Richthofen's aircraft and the Balkenkreuz, or black iron cross. Members of 209 Squadron signed their names in the middle of the cross and delivered it to Brown while he was recovering in the hospital.



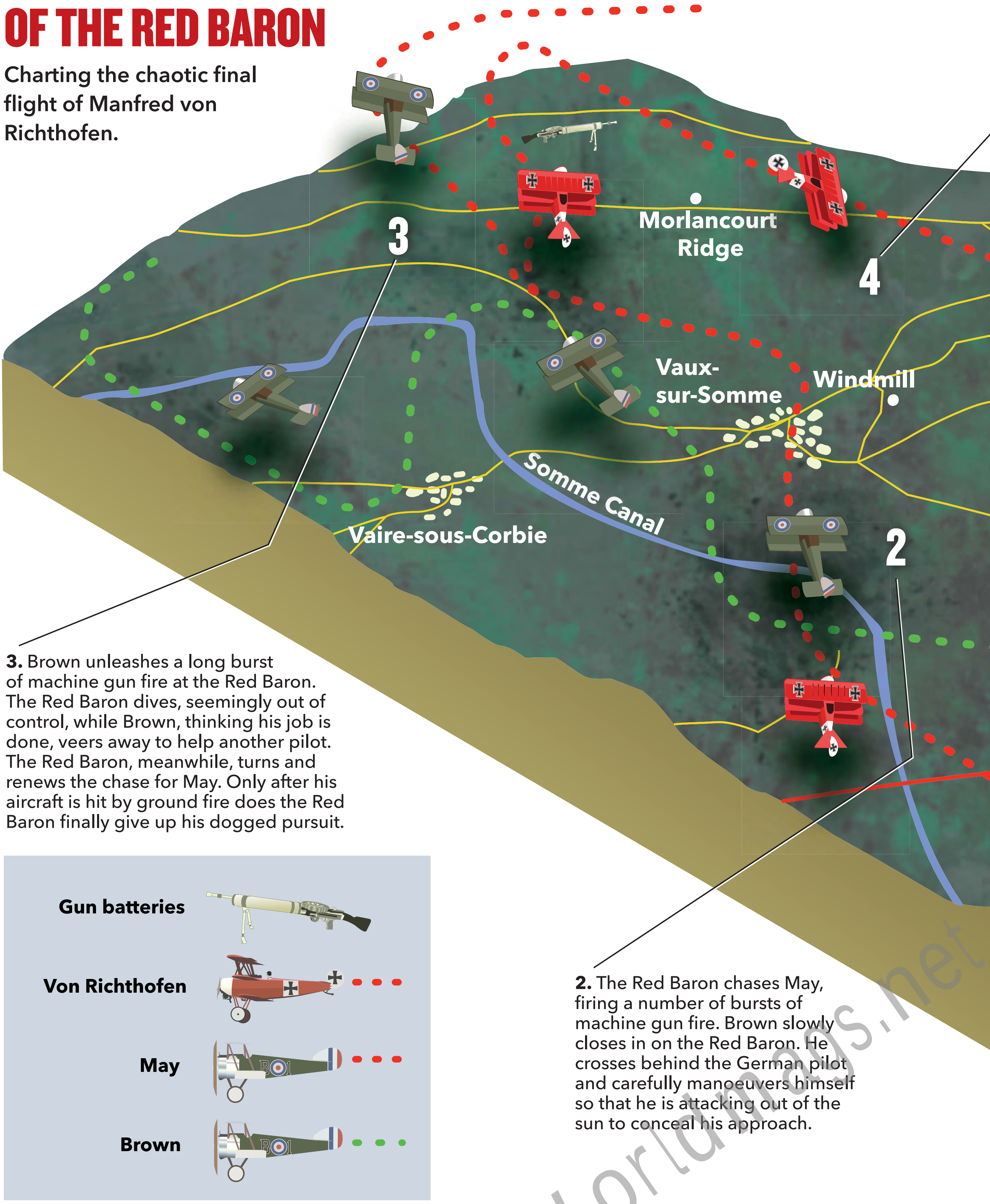
The plane's seat is made of curved aluminum and plywood, and would have had a plush red cover, some remnants of which can still be seen along the seat's edges.



This wing tip from the Red Baron`s plane is made of lightweight spruce and plywood box spars. Brown gave it to his friend, then Lieutenant-Colonel Billy Bishop. Bishop was also a member of the RCMI. His son, Arthur, donated the wing tip to the institute's museum in 1968.

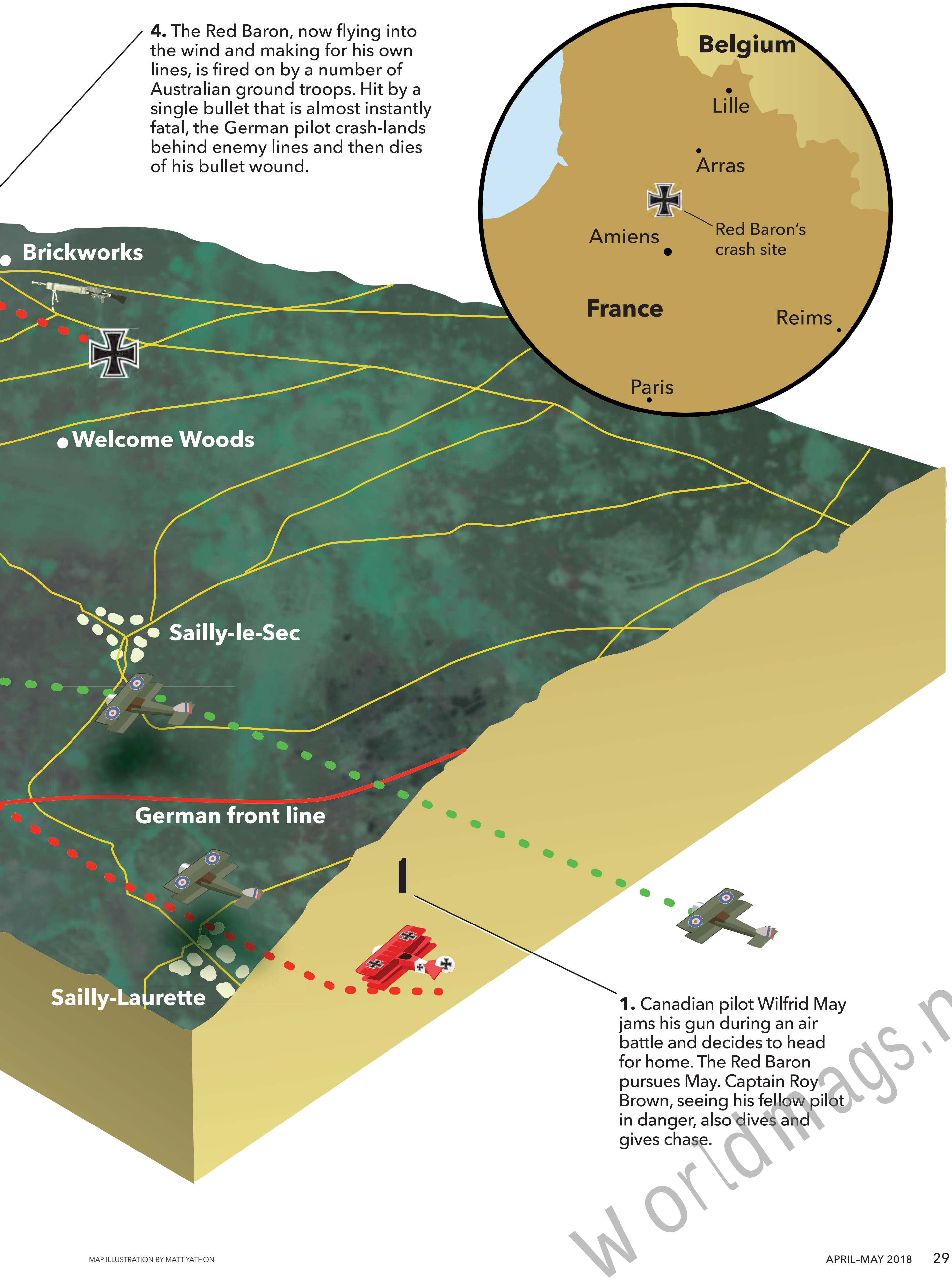
LAST MOMENTS OF THE RED BARON

Charting the chaotic final flight of Manfred von Richthofen.


3
Morlancourt Ridge
4
Vaux-sur-Somme
Windmill
Somme Canal
Vaire-sous-Corbie
2
Gun batteries
Von Richthofen
May
Brown

3. Brown unleashes a long burst of machine gun fire at the Red Baron. The Red Baron dives, seemingly out of control, while Brown, thinking his job is done, veers away to help another pilot. The Red Baron, meanwhile, turns and renews the chase for May. Only after his aircraft is hit by ground fire does the Red Baron finally give up his dogged pursuit.

2. The Red Baron chases May, firing a number of bursts of machine gun fire. Brown slowly closes in on the Red Baron. He crosses behind the German pilot and carefully manoeuvers himself so that he is attacking out of the sun to conceal his approach.

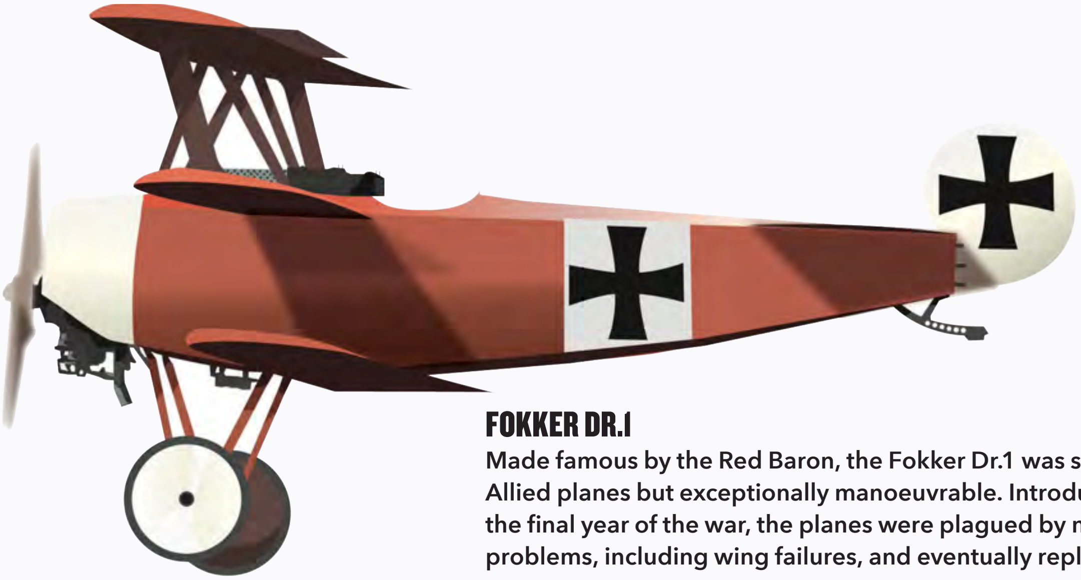

Belgium
Lille
Arras
Amiens
Red Baron's crash site
France
Reims
Paris
Brickworks
Welcome Woods
Sailly-le-Sec
German front line
Sailly-Laurette

4. The Red Baron, now flying into the wind and making for his own lines, is fired on by a number of Australian ground troops. Hit by a single bullet that is almost instantly fatal, the German pilot crash-lands behind enemy lines and then dies of his bullet wound.

1. Canadian pilot Wilfrid May jams his gun during an air battle and decides to head for home. The Red Baron pursues May. Captain Roy Brown, seeing his fellow pilot in danger, also dives and gives chase.

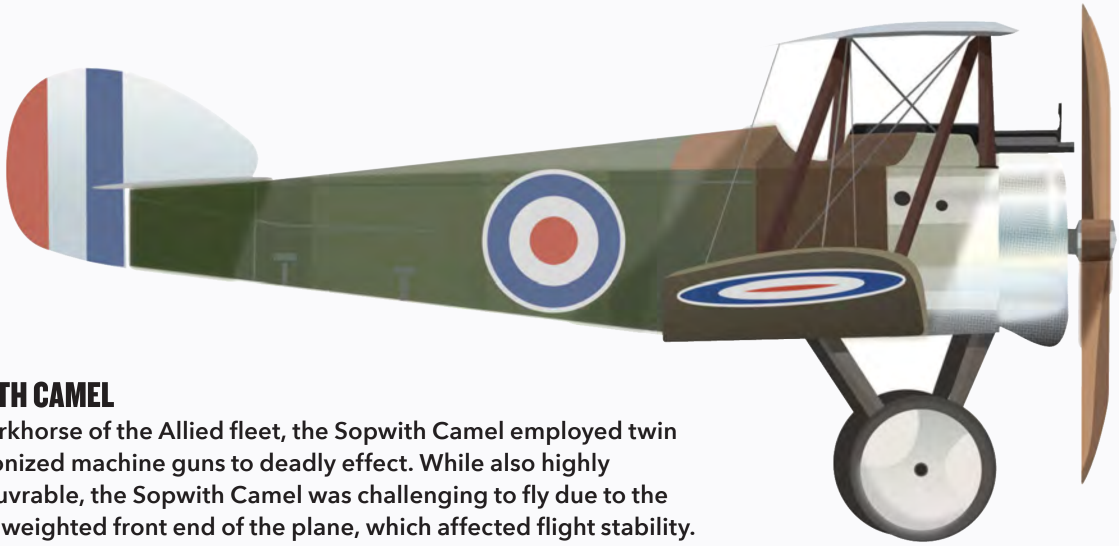
MAP ILLUSTRATION BY MATT YATHON

UNFRIENDLY SKIES: FLYING MACHINES OF THE GREAT WAR



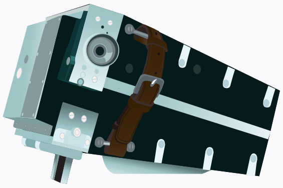
FOKKER DR.I

Made famous by the Red Baron, the Fokker Dr.1 was slower than Allied planes but exceptionally manoeuvrable. Introduced during the final year of the war, the planes were plagued by mechanical problems, including wing failures, and eventually replaced.



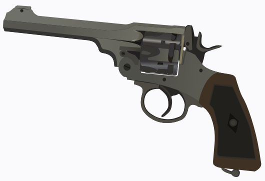
SOPWITH CAMEL

The workhorse of the Allied fleet, the Sopwith Camel employed twin synchronized machine guns to deadly effect. While also highly manoeuvrable, the Sopwith Camel was challenging to fly due to the heavily weighted front end of the plane, which affected flight stability.



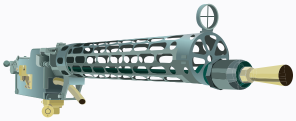
AERIAL CAMERA

Pilots used aerial cameras to photograph battlefield positions and other sites of strategic importance. The cameras were often mounted beneath the planes.



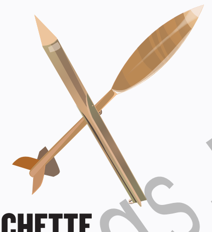
PISTOL

Early in the air war, pilots often carried pistols, and engaged in handgun duels with enemy pilots. Pistols were eventually superceded by machine guns.



MACHINE GUN

The invention of synchronized machine guns that were timed to shoot through the spinning blades of propellers revolutionized the air war.



FLECHETTE

Pilots dropped these small metal darts by the hundreds onto enemy trenches. Upon impact, the darts caused catastrophic piercing wounds.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MATT YATHON

As a show of respect for the Red Baron, Australian troops fire a salute at his grave in Amiens, France, on April 22, 1918. The German ace was given a full military funeral by the Allied forces.

BRIDGEMAN ART ARCHIVES

onds between Brown's attack and the actual crash. After Brown's initial attack, the Red Baron dove and then continued his pursuit of Wilfrid May. It was likely only after suffering some minor damage from Australian troops firing below that the German turned and headed for home.

While making this final dash the Red Baron made a long, slow turn into the wind, directly in front of several Australian ground positions. It's most probable that the single bullet that struck von Richthofen under his armpit and exited through his chest was fired from one of their guns. The wound was substantial and almost certainly killed von Richthofen within seconds, giving him only enough time to crash-land in an empty field.

Franks and Bennett concluded in their original 1997 study that Sergeant Cedric Popkin, an Australian who was firing his Vickers machine gun on that fateful day, was most likely the person who fired the fatal shot. Popkin had fired at the Red Baron during his original pursuit of May and managed a second burst of fire as von Richthofen circled back towards his own lines.

Even then, Franks and Bennett added a footnote to their own study when it was republished in 2006. Evidence that became available after the original publication suggested that the Red Baron was flying directly at Popkin on his second pass, which would have made it impossible for the Australian to have shot him from the side. They concluded that "there is still the possibility that some unknown soldier had fired at the triplane yet had no reason to believe he had fired the telling shot. However, there is no definitive evidence for this, and Popkin remains the most likely candidate."

Before Bennett died in January 2007, he completed a manuscript for a biography on Roy Brown that was later published with the help of Margaret Harmon, Brown's daughter, and Denny May, Wilfrid May's son. The publication stated, "Margaret Harmon, Denny May and Alan Bennett agree that the six years of effort and investigation which went into this book confirm that Captain A. Roy Brown initiated the chain of events which culminated in the death of Baron von Richthofen, and that a lucky shot, fired on the spur of the moment by a soldier who had hitherto not been involved, completed the task for him."

Perhaps the real mystery of the death of the Red Baron is how such an experienced and deadly pilot could leave himself in such a vulnerable position flying over enemy territory. On the day of his death the wind was blowing irregularly from east to west, changing the flight times for all pilots. The wind may have pushed the Red Baron further over enemy lines than he believed.

The Germans were also flying over a particularly marshy and wet area of the front that didn't provide obvious visual landmarks such as continuous trenches. This may have made identifying a location more difficult for von Richthofen, but at such a low altitude it may not have mattered.

Why was the Red Baron so obsessed with bringing down Wilfrid May?

Alan Bennett surmised that because von Richthofen, a crack shot, had hit May's aircraft so many times while missing the pilot, he must have been trying to force May to land so that he could be captured. It's also possible that von Richthofen was not fully recovered from the head wound he had suffered the previous July. If his judgment was impaired even a small amount, it may have led to his demise.

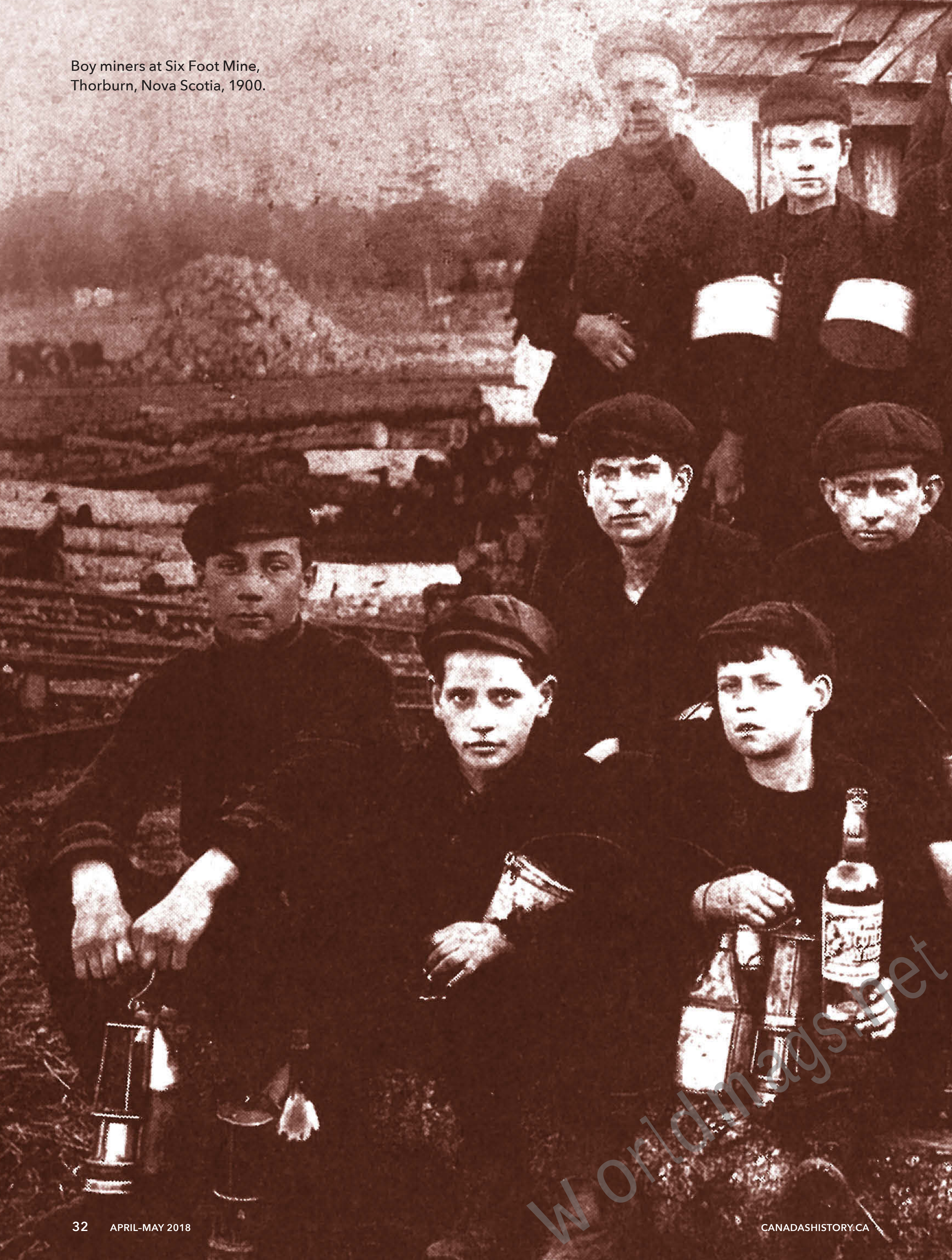
In the end, there are no clear answers. Brown's moment with the Red Baron was the end of the war for him as well. He was officially taken off active service a few days later and spent the next few weeks resting in hospital. On April 27, 1918, he wrote home to his father, saying "I feel just about all in today the way things have gone. My stomach has been very bad recently and the doctor says if I keep on I shall have a nervous break-down and has ordered me to stop active service flying."

He described his encounter with the Red Baron in the letter. "Our best effort was on the 21st when we fought Baron von Richthofen's Circus as they are called. I expect you will have read about them in the newspapers," Brown explained to his father. "It was the most terrible fight I have ever seen in the air. I doubt whether there has been one like it before. We shot down three of their triplanes, which were seen to crash…. Among these was the Baron whom I shot down on our side of the lines."

Brown continued hopefully, "It is bound to have a great effect on the Hun especially when they lost their best fighter and their stunt squadron was defeated."

While serving as an air trainer, Brown was involved in a crash that left him in hospital for the remainder of the war. He would never fully escape the grasp of the Red Baron, as he continued to be both celebrated and haunted by his encounter with von Richthofen and by the controversy that continued.

In response to a request for more information from the Australian magazine *Reveille* after the war, Brown wrote, "As far as I am concerned, I knew in my own mind what happened, and the war being over, the job being done, there is nothing to be gained by arguing back and forth as to who did this and who did that. The main point is that, from the stand-point of the troops in the war, we gained our objective."



Boy miners at Six Foot Mine,
Thorburn, Nova Scotia, 1900.

COURTESY OF THE NOVA SCOTIA MUSEUM OF INDUSTRY, STELLARTON, NS, N-22914

CHILDREN OF INDUSTRY

FROM THE MID-1800s TO THE EARLY 1900s, DESPERATE POVERTY DROVE MANY CANADIAN CHILDREN TO TAKE ON GRUELLING WORK TO HELP THEIR FAMILIES SURVIVE.

BY ASHLEY HENRICKSON

IMAGES OF MALNOURISHED CHILDREN WORKING long hours in dark factories are something we associate with the stories of Charles Dickens or the heart-wrenching photographs of American social reformer and photographer Lewis Hines. However, generations of young working-class Canadians faced similar trials in mines and mills, toiling in often-horrific conditions to make vital contributions to their families' economic survival.

Before the passage of child-labour laws in the 1880s, many Canadian children forfeited an education to work for ten to twelve hours a day, six days a week, to help to support their families. Even after the passage of legislation meant to protect them, relentless poverty forced some Canadian youngsters to remain at work well into the twentieth century. The years they spent performing tedious and often-dangerous work are a dark and frequently forgotten chapter of Canadian history.

MCCORD MUSEUM

As the coal industry expanded in the nineteenth century, company owners hired young children because they could be paid significantly less than their adult counterparts and because their size enabled them to squeeze into low shafts where larger men could not fit. Work in the coal mine often began at six or seven o'clock in the morning, when boys and men travelled hundreds of feet below ground and then spread out horizontally through tunnels that often stretched for miles. Mines deep underground were pitch-black, lit only by the open-flame lamps miners wore on their caps.

Children performed numerous roles in the coal mine, but cutting coal, a physically taxing and more lucrative job, was saved for men. Children's work often involved the transportation of coal and the ventilation of the mine. The youngest boys who worked underground — often as young as eight years old — generally served as trappers, sitting alone on a bench in complete darkness waiting for men and horses to arrive. The boys opened the door when they heard men and horses approaching and then closed it behind them.

After working as trappers, boys could be promoted to drivers, leading horses or mules hauling carts of coal through the mine. Archie McIntyre, who worked as a trapper boy in Cape Breton during the early twentieth century, recalled the terror he felt when he was promoted to a driver, because "drivers were always getting killed by runaway boxes of coal, and those open lamps went out very easily."

Remembering their experiences later in life, former boy drivers stressed their admiration for the horses and mules they had worked with, recalling that horses often stopped when the driver's lamp went out and waited for the boys to grab their tail or climb into the cart before leading them out of the mine. Dan J. MacDonald, who worked in a coal mine in Nova Scotia during the early twentieth century, recalled such an ordeal in an interview on CBC Radio:

"One time, I was down the mine later than all the other fellas, and I suddenly realized I was there alone — just me and the horse. It was the weekend, and there'd be no shift coming until Monday morning. So anyway, just as I started to put the horse back in his stable, my light went out. There was no way to light it again, and I started to panic a bit. I happened to reach out, and I grabbed hold of the horse's tail. Soon as I did, she started to move, and I said, 'If you can go, I can follow!' She just kept movin' ahead in the dark for maybe a mile, till we came to the bottom where the shaft was and the 'cage' to take me to the surface."

The boys took great pride in the horses they drove,

Opposite page: Children sort copper ore at Bolton, Quebec, in 1867.

Top: A mother sleeps outside with her children on a hot summer night in Toronto.

Left: Shoeshine boy, circa 1900–1910.

Right: Children in their Toronto home, circa early 1900s.

CITY OF TORONTO ARCHIVES, LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

MacDonald explained, adding that "anyone who came along and said anything bad about a man's horse, he'd probably find his teeth down his throat." More specifically, he recalled an incident in which a man spit tobacco on a driver's horse. "The driver just hit him as fast as he did the spittin', and he wound up minus a few teeth."

In a 1979 interview, John Peffers recalled his experiences working as a "rope rider" during the 1930s, when he was about fifteen years old, in Nanaimo, British Columbia. Rope riders had the dangerous job of balancing on the hitches between coal cars and signalling when the cars were full and needed to be taken to the surface.

When the interviewer asked Peffers what stuck in his mind about the coal mines, Peffers replied, "Well, one thing that bothered me a lot of times … I … I could have lost an arm down there." He described a time when he was riding in an empty coal car that got stuck on a post. He successfully pushed the car around the post, but in the process his arm got stuck. Some men came and lifted the car up and freed his arm, but by that time his thumb had been broken. "Lots of times at night I'd wake up and think about that."

Young boys also worked above ground fetching tools and cleaning headlamps, while both boys and girls were employed to sort useless debris from the desired rocks and minerals. Jobs on the surface could also be dangerous. A former Nova Scotia mine worker named Albert Tickle recalls "hauling nitroglycerin around in wooden barrels in little wooden wagon[s]" when he was about fifteen years old.

Boys and men faced many dangers in the mine as they learned to navigate the complex combination of livestock, lifts, tools, poisonous gases, explosives, and open-flame lamps. Despite their young age, boys perished alongside adult miners in horrific incidents such as the 1891 Springhill mine disaster in Nova Scotia, in which 21 boys were among the 125 people killed when a spark ignited the omnipresent coal dust. In an account of the blast written later the same year, miners reported a "sudden gust of wind, which swept like a tornado through the dark passages, hurling timbers and clouds of dust and flying missiles before it. This was followed in a few seconds by balls of fire, large and small, and then came a solid body of fierce flame that filled the passages and literally roasted everything in its path."

A young boy, referred to as Little Dannie Robertson in a local history book, was lucky to survive the initial blast, which severely burned his arms and killed the horse he was leading.

Photos of child workers, such as this image of a boy miner from West Virginia, galvanized lawmakers to restrict child labour in both Canada and the United States.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

While running out of the mine, Robertson heard "the piteous cries of little Farris," a young trapper who had also survived the blast but was "almost frightened to death." Robertson felt around in the darkness until he found the young worker. As the book recalls, Robertson's arms were too burned to pick Farris up, so he hoisted Farris onto his back and carried him to safety.

After hours of removing survivors and bodies from the number one Springhill mine, search crews realized the destructive explosion had reached into the number two tunnel as well. When rescuers entered the tunnel, they found many miners had succumbed to poisonous gases as they tried to run from the mine. The dead included three young brothers whose bodies were discovered by their father.

The coal and other resources boys helped to mine drove an industrial sector that employed thousands of children in factories well into the 1900s. These factories originated during Canada's first industrial revolution, which took place from the 1780s through the 1860s, and were mainly situated in Montreal and Toronto.

Prior to industrialization, children had worked on farms and in their homes; however, the industrial revolution opened a new world of work for children as their families moved to growing urban centres. Unlike agricultural work, which prepared children to be farmers and ranchers, the roles children performed in factories rarely provided them with marketable skills that they could use in the future. Instead, children performed unskilled labour until they were too old to be paid low wages and were replaced with a new generation of youngsters.

Like mine owners, factory and mill owners chose to employ children in large part because they could be paid a lower wage: Children working in a Quebec factory in 1889 were paid one dollar per week, while adults earned between eighty cents and $1.25 per day.

Children were also considered ideal for certain jobs because, as one factory owner explained, "older hands would not be so nimble." Similarly, many employers believed that women working in cotton mills could not become "first-class" employees unless they had begun to work with the machines before the age of twelve.

Children were commonly employed in the spinning rooms of cotton mills. These large rooms were filled with machines that made a deafening noise and were often damp and dusty because the cotton released fine particles into the air and soaked the floor with an oily by-product.

Young children began their employment in the mills by doing odd tasks such as stocking fires, fetching tools, and sweeping up. They also crawled under moving machines to pick up fallen cotton and on top of the machines to oil moving parts.

Young boys could work as doffers, climbing onto the spinning machines to replace full spools with empty ones. Young girls worked as piecers, a job that involved reaching into spinning machines to catch broken threads and retie them. These girls could walk thirty kilometres a day as they moved back and forth alongside their machines. After many long days on their feet, they frequently developed rickets, flat feet, or bad backs, making walking and standing difficult and painful.

Many children also worked making textiles in their homes alongside their mothers, work that was so poorly paid that these women and children often had to work more than sixty hours a week. In many cases these jobs could be just as brutal as factory work, because no labour laws or regulations applied to the work children did at home. Children also performed paid labour outside of factories, including washing and ironing clothes or working in a variety of street trades such as polishing shoes or selling fruit and other small items.

Factory owners' general disregard for children's health is evident in a 1905 Montreal court case, in which an employer claimed that his young apprentice was so lazy he had not met the standards of the apprenticeship. The judge noticed the boy's ill appearance and ordered a medical examination, which concluded that the boy was anemic and showed signs of tuberculosis and scrofula, a disease with glandular swelling.

The judge subsequently pardoned the boy, saying the lad had not met the standards of his apprenticeship because of his declining health. The judge further condemned the factory

A pit pony waits patiently as boy miners fill a hopper with coal at a mine at Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, in 1905.

BEATON INSTITUTE, CAPE BRETON UNIVERSITY

owner, ruling that, "while discipline was a necessity in factories, health should not be overlooked." His comment highlighted growing public concern about the conditions in which children worked.

As the judge's statement suggests, physical punishment was widely used and accepted in factories, an unsurprising reality for a period when corporal punishment was common in family households. In workplaces such as cotton mills, where entire families were hired together, parents or older siblings were often in charge of disciplining younger children. When children were hired on their own, however, the factory owners and overseers were considered parental figures who could discipline them.

Although physical discipline was accepted, the practice had its limits, and egregious behaviour was highly condemned. The 1889 Report of the Royal Commission on the Relations of Labor and Capital asserted that the child-beating and imprisonment that occurred in factories were "barbarous practices" that should be outlawed.

The report recorded the testimony of numerous workers such as Stanislas Goyette, who recalled that, when he was working in a Quebec factory as a teenager, he was often struck by a foreman "with whatever he had in his hand." In another case, a manager was reprimanded in court for holding down an eighteen-year-old girl and beating her with an object in front of the other workers. One Mr. Fortier, an infamous child labour exploiter in Montreal, was known to have a windowless room where children were left in isolation if they did not behave.

The second report of the 1889 Royal Commission also claimed that a foreman in Fortier's factory "shamefully treated" an eighteen-year-old girl by "chastising" her in a "flagrantly indecent manner." The report clearly hints at sexual harassment, which was likely a reality in factories where men amassed power that was rarely checked and young people had no rights and little protection.

Fines deducted from already meagre wages were another common form of factory discipline; children could be fined for arriving late, talking, misbehaving, or producing low quality work. Fines were a particularly feared form of discipline at a time when many families lived on the cusp of extreme poverty.

Indeed, the harsh reality of urban poverty is what led thousands of Canadian children into factories across the country. Before industrialization, most Canadian families lived on farms and made the food and clothing they needed. Starting

Top: A boy harvests pumpkins in Quebec, circa 1925.

Left: A young worker operates a cotton spinner in a textile mill in Vermont, circa 1910.

MCCORD MUSEUM, LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

in the mid-1800s, factory work drew many families to urban centres, where they relied on money to purchase necessities. By 1867, approximately seventeen per cent of Canadians lived in urban areas, a number that rose to almost half of the population by 1921. Low wages and unstable employment left many urban families in poverty and forced them to supplement the family's income with children's paid labour.

In the late nineteenth century, protests against child labour led to the creation of new factory laws restricting the ages and hours at which children could work. Ontario passed its first *Factory Act* in 1884, and Quebec followed in 1885. Both provinces made it illegal to hire boys younger than twelve and girls younger than fourteen. Although they were an important step forward, these pieces of legislation only applied to factories with more than twenty employees; they did not cover smaller factories or the piecework many children did at home. Other provinces gradually enacted their own regulations, creating a patchwork of different labour laws across the country.

Many children continued to work in defiance of these laws because their families could not subsist without their incomes, and many employers were still willing to hire children regardless of the new regulations. Yet the number of young children in the workforce slowly declined. The 1891 census reported that nearly fourteen per cent of children aged ten to fourteen were gainfully employed, while the 1921 census found that about three per cent of such children continued to work.

Most children who worked in manufacturing after the factory acts were passed did so because their fathers were dead, ill, or otherwise unable to earn enough money to support the family. At the beginning of the twentieth century, more men acquired steady work that enabled them to sustain their families, and therefore children began to leave the workplace. Around the same time, employers began preferring recent immigrants to children as a source of cheap labour, pushing children out of the workplace.

As the twentieth century drew on, few Canadian children held full-time jobs. As children left the workforce they continued to enter the school system, although it was not a one-time change, nor a complete one. Children left school and returned irregularly, depending on when their families needed their economic support or when opportunities like high wages drew them away from their studies.

The long hours and tedious labour performed by young Canadians during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries were crucial for their families' economic survival — and to Canada's industrialization. As historians bring their stories to light, there are important questions to consider: How should we remember these child labourers? Is it an oversimplification to suggest that they were victims of circumstance?

Historians like Robert McIntosh have reminded us that, although these young labourers often faced horrific conditions, they were not without agency, pride, or drive. Many children understood that their meagre wages were important for their families' survival, and they were often excited to earn a wage and to show their worth.

Some boys, like Jonny Robertson, who worked in a coal mine in British Columbia in the early twentieth century, were also influential in starting unions in their mines. Robertson recalls being one of the first fourteen workers to join a secret union in his mine; it eventually grew and fought for safer working conditions.

Newspaper articles suggest that young people in other professions — such as postal boys and pin boys (who reset fallen pins at bowling alleys) — also struck for better wages and working conditions. Such news items do not, however, provide evidence that girls shared this collective power.

As these driven and politically active children demonstrate, remembering child labourers only as helpless victims oversimplifies their complicated legacy. However, it is also important to remember that these children often worked in dangerous conditions, for long hours with little pay and with few other options. Perhaps we can strike a middle ground by acknowledging the important contributions these young people made to their families and to Canada's industrialization while also recognizing the horrible conditions in which they worked.

A five-year-old girl sells carrots on a street in Bogor, Indonesia.

CP IMAGES

CHILD LABOUR TODAY

In Canada, kids now spend their days in school rather than at work. Depending on which province or territory they live in, youngsters here can legally start working when they're around fourteen. There are exceptions for some types of work, such as farming and theatrical performances. Teenagers are typically not allowed to work during school hours.

But the ugly reality of child labour persists elsewhere. The United Nations estimates that eleven per cent of the world's child population – about 168 million children – work, many of them full-time. Nearly half of those children work in hazardous conditions, are forced into illicit work, or are enslaved. A 2014 study concluded that the worst countries for child labour are Eritrea, Somalia, the Democratic Republic of the Congo, Myanmar, and Sudan, with Afghanistan, Pakistan, Zimbabwe, Yemen, and Burundi rounding out the unenviable top ten. Child labour activists say Canadians shouldn't feel too superior, because some of our imported goods have a high risk of having child labour used in their production.

The United Kingdom, the Netherlands, and France have all passed federal legislation targeting products made with child labour and forced labour, and the UN's sustainable development goals call for the eradication of all child labour by 2025. –*Nancy Payne*

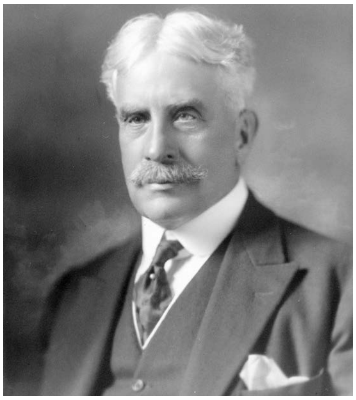
1918 YEAR OF THE CONSCRIPT

ONCE SEEN AS SHIRKERS OR WORSE, SOLDIERS CONSCRIPTED TO SERVE IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR ARE STARTING TO RECEIVE THE RECOGNITION THEY HAVE LONG BEEN DENIED.

BY PATRICK M. DENNIS

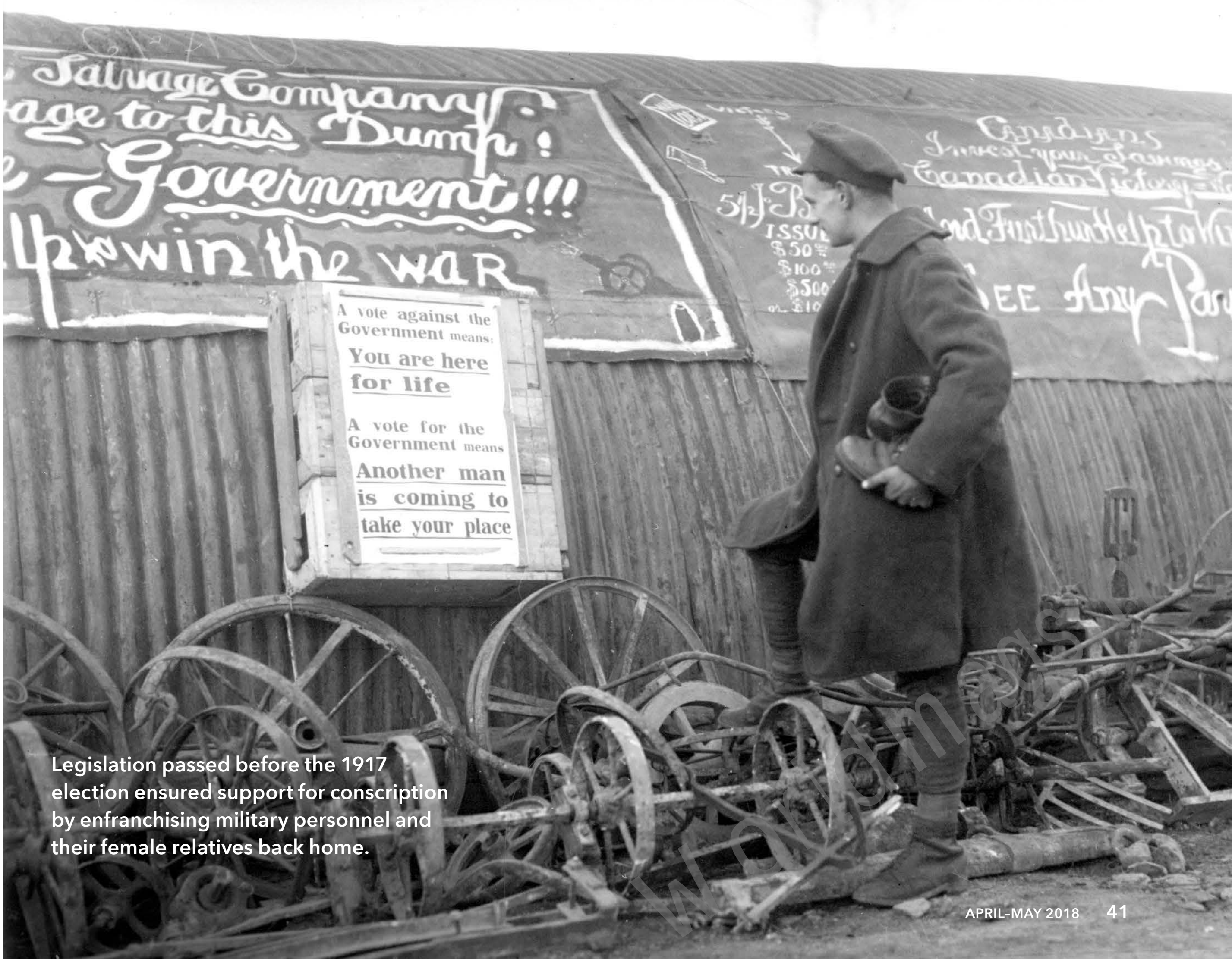
Amidst the crowded benches of his Conservative Party colleagues, Prime Minister Sir Robert Borden stood up to make a historic announcement. An eerie quiet descended on the packed gallery and across the makeshift parliamentary chamber located in the Victoria Memorial Museum, the temporary home of Canada's House of Commons since the original Parliament Buildings had been destroyed by fire fifteen months earlier. A young nation held its collective breath. It was late Friday afternoon, May 18, 1917, the thirty-fourth month of the Great War. Canada was about to undergo a national catharsis.

Borden had just returned from a two-month working trip to England, where he had attended meetings of the Imperial War Cabinet and the Imperial War Conference. Indeed, he had been visiting troops of the newly formed 5th Canadian Division at Camp Witley on Easter Sunday, April 8, 1917, just as the Canadian Corps was preparing to attack at Vimy Ridge. But in the wake of that very costly tactical victory, Borden had been confronted with some new and stark realities, particularly the critical personnel shortfall the Canadian Expeditionary Force (CEF) would soon face.


Prime Minister Sir Robert Borden.

At the heart of his difficulties was the steep decline in recruitment, stretching back to June of the previous year. That, coupled with 10,602 casualties at Vimy, including 3,598 dead, in what historian Tim Cook has described as "the single bloodiest day of the entire war for the Canadian Corps," had propelled the military manpower issue to the top of Borden's agenda.

At the time, the conflict was known as the European War. While the CEF had understandably attracted great numbers of British-born recruits and many who were Canadian-born but of British descent, apparently the majority of Canadian men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A vote against the Government means:
You are here for life
A vote for the Government means
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Legislation passed before the 1917 election ensured support for conscription by enfranchising military personnel and their female relatives back home.

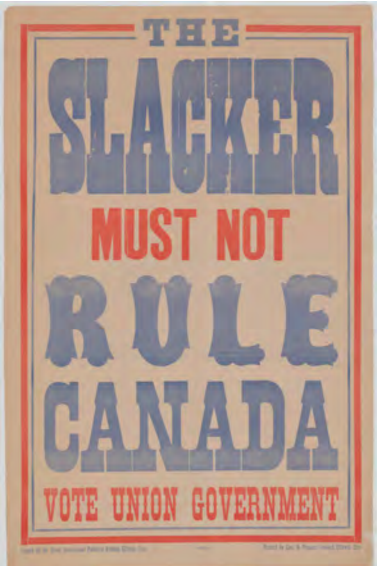
LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

aged eighteen to forty-five were not interested in fighting in a European war. Moreover, as the war progressed and casualty lists grew longer, the number of new recruits had diminished even further.

The principal opponents to the war, and later to conscription, were the people of Quebec, along with many other francophones, scattered across the country, who fundamentally rejected the need to fight this European war. But French-speaking Canadians were not alone in this dispute; labour groups across Canada were equally strident in their protests, as were farmers, forestry workers, and fishermen.

Details of this often-fierce opposition have received scholarly attention over the years, most notably in J.L. Granatstein and J.M. Hitsman's *Broken Promises: A History of Conscription in Canada* and Robert Rutherdale's *Hometown Horizons: Local Responses to Canada's Great War*. *Broken Promises* has informed virtually every scholarly study on the subject since its publication in 1977. However, there persists to this day a widespread misunderstanding of the crucial role played by Canadian conscripts in the Great War and, by extension, the importance of conscription to the success of the Canadian Corps in 1918.

Drawing on statistical data derived in part from Edward Wigney's seminal 1996 work, *The C.E.F. Roll of Honour*, as well as from a comprehensive review of relevant war diaries and official histories and from the nominal rolls of numerous regimental histories, new research confirms that G.W.L. Nicholson was quite correct when he wrote in his *Canadian Expeditionary Force, 1914-1919: Official History of the Canadian Army in the First World War* that conscription ultimately "did produce the military results which it was designed to produce."



A pro-conscription poster from the bitter 1917 election.

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As for the besieged prime minister, his options in 1917 were severely limited: Let the Canadian Corps wither from four infantry divisions to three, and perhaps to two, or take the necessary measures required to maintain the corps at full strength. The latter, however, involved stepping gingerly into a political minefield; it likely also meant the implementation of compulsory military service.

For Borden, this was an extraordinary reversal of fortunes. Even before Canadian troops had been blooded on the battlefield at Second Ypres in April 1915, he had promised his constituents that "there has not been, [and] there will not be, compulsion or conscription." Nonetheless, less than a year later, on December 31, he declared that the strength of the CEF would be doubled from the 250,000 agreed to by the Privy Council on October 30, 1915, to 500,000 — ten times the number requested only thirteen months earlier.

Thus it was during the slow, nine-day return crossing from England aboard the SS *Grampian* in the spring of 1917 that the prime minister likely experienced his own road to Damascus conversion. Once in Canada, he set off immediately for Ottawa from Quebec City on May 14, his mind made up; he would not forsake the solemn pledges made to the wounded and injured soldiers he had met in England and France, nor would he betray the trust of their families.

Four days later, Borden began his solemn address to the House by providing a detailed overview of the campaign at sea and on land, underscoring the fact that, despite many successes to date, "a great struggle lies before us." Turning next to the "four Canadian divisions at the front" and to the crucial issue of reinforcement, he acknowledged that "the voluntary system will not yield further substantial results."

But more dramatically still, for those who were present, and reversing a position on which he had held firm since the start of the war, Borden announced that "the time has come when the authority of the state should be invoked to provide reinforcements necessary to sustain the gallant men at the front…." The supreme sacrifice of thousands of Canadians at Courcelette and at Vimy Ridge must "not be in vain," he insisted.

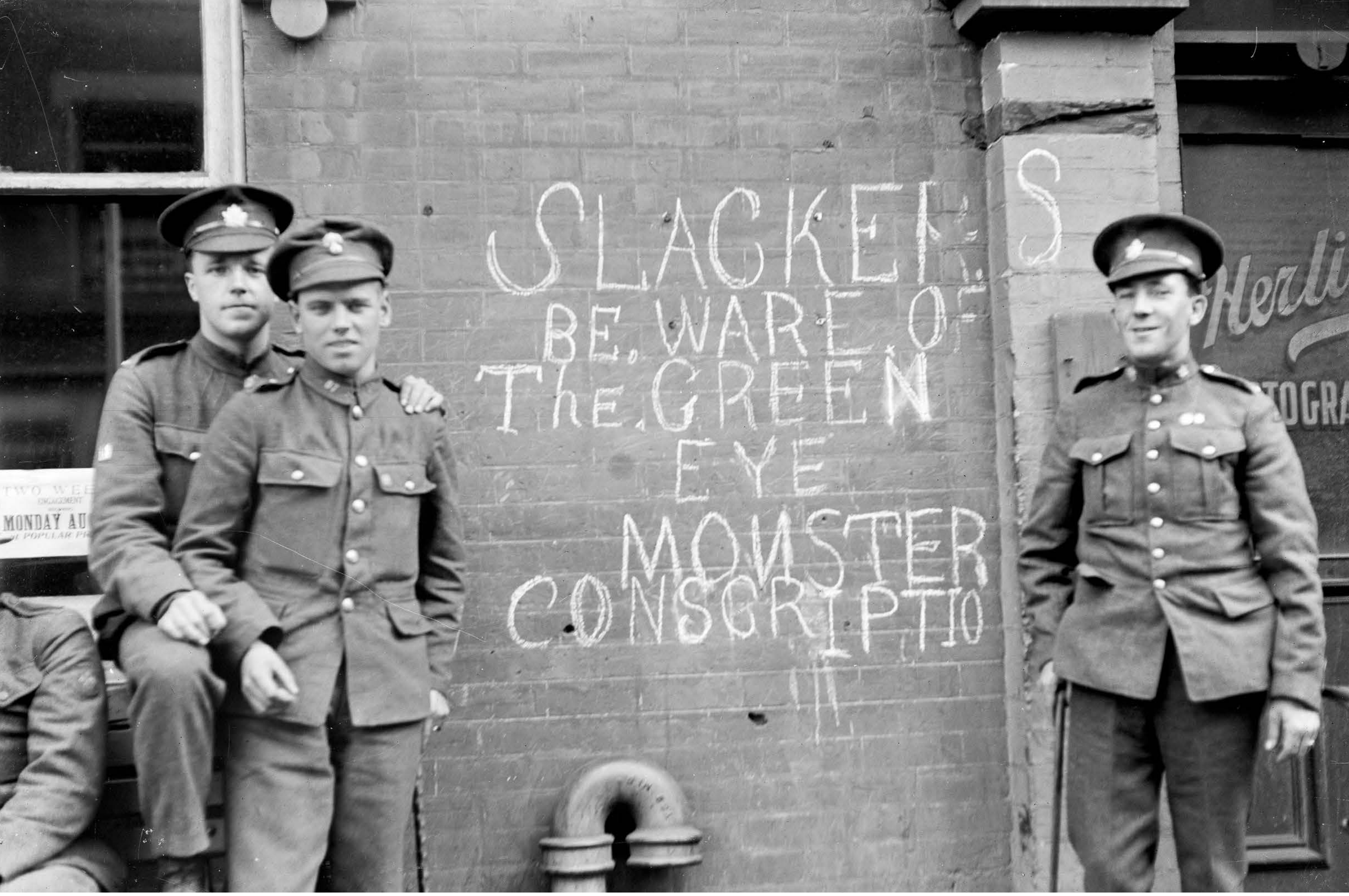
Then, in a stunning denouement, Borden gravely concluded that "early proposals will be made on the part of the government to provide by compulsory military enlistment on a selective basis such reinforcements as may be necessary to maintain the Canadian Army in the field as one of the finest fighting forces in the Empire." Save for most members of the opposition, Borden's momentous words electrified the audience and were met with tumultuous applause.

Ultimately, however, they would divide a nation as never before.

For the first time in Canada's young history, plans were set in motion to draft by selective conscription not less than fifty thousand men, and more likely one hundred thousand. The legal instrument invoked to bring these plans to fruition was the *Military Service Act* of 1917, which received its first reading in Parliament on Monday, June 11.

One week later, Borden moved the bill's second reading. For his part, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, leader of the Opposition, was adamantly opposed to conscription. Likewise, he was equally against his Liberal caucus joining any Unionist coalition government. Consequently, in response, Laurier warned of a "deep cleavage" the conscription issue had created, and he made a cogent and passionate plea that the entire matter be put before the Canadian electorate in a national referendum. Nonetheless, after an acrimonious all-night debate, Laurier's amendment was soundly defeated, and on July 6 the bill passed by 118 votes to 65 before moving on to its third and final reading.

Over the next two weeks, there followed another bitter debate in the House of Commons, as members contested the precise wording of the bill, particularly with respect to the establishment of six classes of men to be called out, along with



A group of wounded soldiers stands in front of graffiti condemning able-bodied men who had not enlisted to serve in the war, circa 1917–18.

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several controversial exemption clauses. For example, farmers and munitions workers, whose work was considered to be in the national interest, received widespread exemptions. But, as historian Jonathan Vance observed in his book *Death So Noble: Memory, Meaning and the First World War*, "No amount of rationalization could change the fact that serving in field or factory simply could not carry with it the same honour as serving in the trenches." In time, these exemptions would prove to be the Achilles heel of the legislation.

Finally, Laurier again warned colleagues of the bill's great potential for national "discord and disunion," but to no avail. On July 14, 1917, the act was passed, 102 votes to 44, including the support of twenty-two of Laurier's Liberals.

After a testy debate in the Senate, the bill was signed by the Governor General on August 29. Selective compulsory military service had become the law of the land. In effect, tens of thousands of young men now had a date with destiny on the Western Front.

Public sentiment made it clear that many Canadians felt conscription was long overdue. Starting in late January 1916, Great Britain had twice passed such legislation, expanding conscription to include married men up to age forty-five, while New Zealand had approved conscription that August. In addition, the Americans, who entered the war in April 1917, had passed the *Selective Service Act*, which would ultimately conscript seventy-two per cent of their army.

Meanwhile, across the country, civilian recruiting leagues, the churches in English Canada, and especially the English-dominated press had joined forces to strongly support compulsory military service. Indeed, by 1917, the non-volunteer was frequently labelled an isolationist and a pacifist, a slacker and a shirker — in short, a coward. But were these men really *cowards*? When it came to volunteering, one historian declared "there were no 'volunteers' after the fall of 1914," since most recruits were either shamed or eventually compelled to join up.

To the great dismay of many people, however, Borden did not immediately implement conscription. His focus shifted to establishing a coalition government and to a federal election in the late fall, both of which he saw as essential to achieving national consensus on compulsory service. In addition, his government tabled two more controversial bills in August and September: the *Military Voters Act*, which, among other things, enfranchised all those on active service, and the *Wartime Elections Act*, which "enfranchised the immediate female relatives of members of the armed forces" — an electoral first at the federal level — while disenfranchising large groups of voters, including "all new Canadians from enemy countries who had arrived in Canada since [March 31,] 1902." Each bill was designed to help to guarantee a win in the forthcoming election and to permit full implementation of the *Military Service Act*. Maybe so, but, as historian Robert Craig Brown once wrote, the *Elections Act* was simply "a bald, reprehensible gerrymander."

A Canadian battalion marches past Prime Minister Robert Borden and Lieutenant General Arthur Currie in July 1918.

Immediately after the passage of the two pieces of legislation, Parliament was prorogued, and Borden announced his coalition cabinet on October 13. That same day, a royal proclamation was published in major newspapers and public places across the country, ordering all men in the first class of conscripts — single or widowed men between twenty and thirty-four years old on July 6, 1917, who did not have children — to register for service or obtain an exemption by November 11; otherwise, they would face military discipline and the possibility of up to five years in prison.

Most of the potential draftees did claim such an exemption: 93.7 per cent nationwide, initially totalling 379,629 men. In addition, more than 25,000 reported for service, among them 8,112 who "voluntarily" reported even before being ordered to do so by the military authorities. It was this latter group of men who formed the vanguard of Canada's first conscripts overseas, some of whom arrived in England before the year was out.

Election day was December 17, 1917. Not surprisingly, Borden's Union coalition scored an impressive victory, eventually claiming a seventy-one-seat majority. Then, just before heading south for a winter holiday, the prime minister issued instructions to begin calling out the first class of conscripts starting January 3, 1918. Thousands of draftees then reported to one of seventeen depot battalions across the country, after which they made a dangerous crossing of the Atlantic by ship. The dangers of German torpedoes and of rampant sickness and disease were all too real. Arriving at one of several training camps in England, such as Bramshott, Witley, and Seaford, they were put into quarantine, typically lasting ten to fourteen days, before their training started in earnest. Notably, by Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, of the 96,000 conscripts listed on strength with the Canadian Expeditionary Force, 47,589 had proceeded overseas, of whom 24,132 had joined units in France.

Critics of conscription would frequently cite this latter number and almost always prefaced it with the diminutive "only" — as in "only 24,132" conscripts made it to the front. In this context, since a total of 619,636 Canadians were enlisted in the CEF, it has long been assumed that, apart from arriving too late, these conscripts constituted insufficient numbers to make any significant difference in the success of the Canadian Corps. In fact, both assumptions are incorrect and are integral to the myths surrounding this part of Canada's First World War history. Indeed, the training of conscripts, their motivation and loyalty, the timing of their arrival at the front, their performance and sacrifice in battle, and their overall contribution to Canada's forty-eight infantry battalions and to victory in the war's final push — the Hundred Days campaign — has been generally ignored. Worse, the contributions of conscripts have often been misrepresented. New research, however, reveals that without these reluctant warriors there would not have been a Hundred Days for the Canadian Corps.

In January 1918, the Canadian Corps was in the process of

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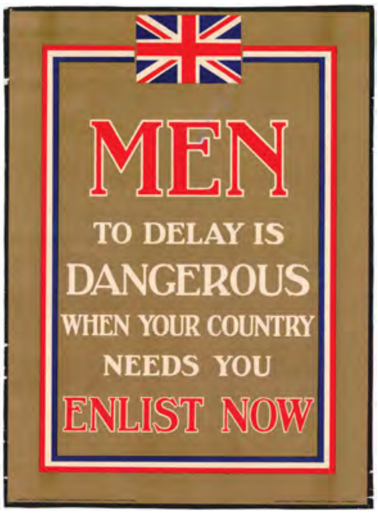
rebuilding, having sustained almost nine thousand casualties at the Battle of Hill 70 the previous August and the loss of nearly sixteen thousand men from late October to early November at Passchendaele. Moreover, the Corps' commander, Lieutenant General Sir Arthur Currie, had recently obtained permission to increase the size of each infantry battalion by one hundred men, to create dedicated machine gun battalions for each of his four infantry divisions, and to provide one small brigade of Canadian engineers for each division.

Consequently, the arrival of thousands of conscripts in England that winter and spring was very timely, especially since those men would ultimately provide much of the manpower necessary to fuel Currie's reorganization. That April, the first of their number joined their infantry battalions in France. And on May 2, 1918, Private Archibald Forbes, 85th Battalion (Nova Scotia Highlanders), a teamster from Stellarton, Nova Scotia, was the first Canadian draftee to be wounded in battle. Then, on June 10, Private George Allsop, 18th Battalion (Western Ontario), a twenty-one-year-old machine operator from Woodslee, Ontario, became the first conscript to be killed in action. Later that month, Private Ernest Hanson, 31st Battalion (Alberta), a British-born labourer from Windsor, Ontario, was captured along with five comrades during a large-scale raid near Neuville-Vitasse, thus becoming Canada's first conscript prisoner of war.



As the war dragged on, recruiting efforts became less flowery and more blunt.

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In the summer of 1918, thousands more conscripts (ninety-seven per cent of whom were infantry) flowed across the English Channel to the Canadian Corps reinforcement camp at Aubin-Saint-Vaast, France. Many were held there until the start of the next great offensive, but thousands of others were quickly sent forward to their units to help to bring these battalions up to fighting strength.

On August 8, the Hundred Days campaign began with a spectacular drive led by the Canadians and Australians at the Battle of Amiens in France. Later, General Eric Ludendorff called it "the black day of the German army"; but 1,036 Canadians died that day as well.

One of the first to fall was Private Albert Mitchell, 19th Battalion (Central Ontario), a sailor from Sault Ste. Marie but born in Johannesburg, South Africa; he was instantly killed by shellfire in the attack at Marcelcave. Over the next two weeks, hundreds of other conscripts also died in action, including Private Reginald Cundy, 20th Battalion (Central Ontario), a British-born clerk from Toronto who succumbed to multiple shell wounds on August 9. And on August 11, Private Hector Lahaie, 78th Battalion (Winnipeg Grenadiers), an auto liveryman from Makinak, Manitoba, was severely wounded by shrapnel while helping to carry an injured comrade out of the line near Hallu. His left leg was amputated, and he died in hospital four days later.

Amiens would witness many other acts of valour by these citizen soldiers. For showing exceptional bravery in the face of enemy machine gun fire at Rosières on August 9, Private William T. Mott (31st Battalion), a draftee and farmer from Merlin, Ontario, would be awarded the Military Medal. Still, the courage of many others would go unrecorded. No one knows, for example, what happened to Private Joseph Bougie, 43rd Battalion (Cameron Highlanders), a draftee and boilermaker from Port Arthur, Ontario; he was initially reported wounded and then missing in action on August 16 in front of Goyencourt. His sacrifice is commemorated at the national Vimy Memorial.

Next up for General Currie and the Canadian Corps was Arras, in northern France, and the latest Battle of the Scarpe. Remarkably, his second and third divisions had relieved the British XVII Corps on August 22, 1918, just three days after departing Amiens. The next day, the 6th Brigade fought several minor engagements, one that involved a patrol by the 29th Battalion (Vancouver) that was nearly wiped out near Neuville-Vitasse. In that action, despite gunshot wounds to the left thigh and shoulder, Private Walter Chisnall, a logger drafted in Vancouver, demonstrated great courage under fire, for which he was later awarded the Military Medal.

The main battle at Arras did not commence until August 26.

Thanks to a steady flow of reinforcements, mostly conscripts who had become the lifeblood of the corps, and despite having sustained 10,783 casualties among other ranks at Amiens, Currie was able to engage in this new offensive. At the time, no other British or Dominion commander enjoyed such a manpower advantage.

Nonetheless, over the next three days the Canadian Corps sustained the loss of another 5,800 men of all ranks — yet another enormous strain on the reinforcement system. As the mother of one soldier wrote, "While we read daily accounts of the victories and the advance of the allies, we are almost speechless when we see the lists of casualties that follow."

Among the thousands of draftees attacking along the Scarpe was my own paternal grandfather, Hilaire Dennis of (18th Battalion). He was severely wounded by machine gun fire at Vis-en-Artois on August 28, but fate, good fortune, and a much-improved medical system combined to save his life. Although an enemy bullet passed cleanly through his hip and pelvis, the subsequent blood loss was not fatal. And, only a day later, young Hilaire was under expert care at a casualty clearing station thirty miles behind the front.

Many of his comrades, though, were not so fortunate. Private Emile Boyer, 22nd Battalion (Van Doos), an electrician from Montreal, had arrived in France in June and fought at Amiens. But on this fateful day he too suffered multiple wounds from machine gun fire and died during the battalion's perilous advance at Chérisy.

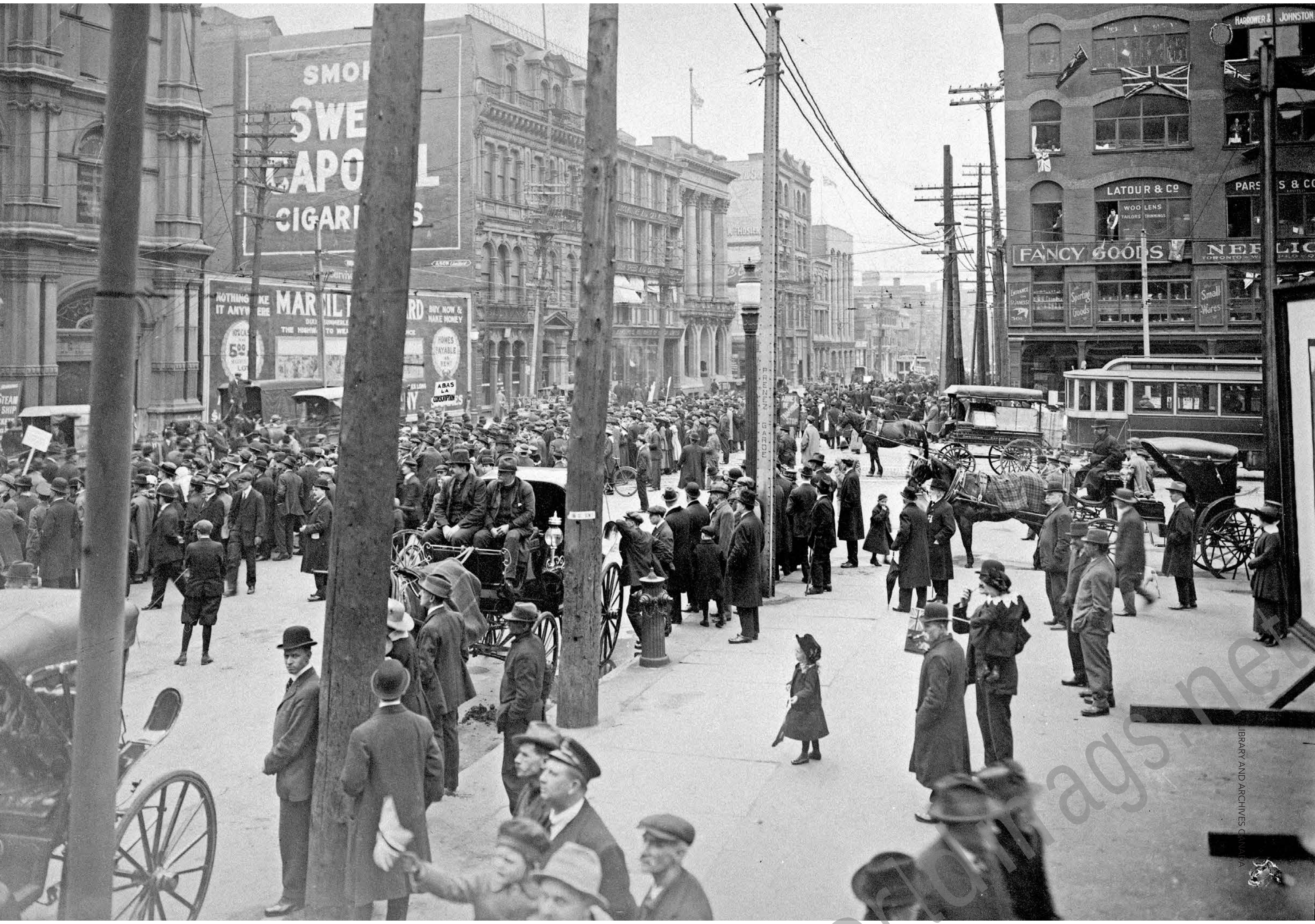
Currie was a formidable military commander and, up to this point in the war, was well-known for the efforts he had made to keep Canadian casualties to a minimum. On the third day at the Scarpe, however, he committed a crucial tactical error — he overextended the exhausted troops of his 2nd Division in the face of superior German forces who manned virtually impregnable defences. The result was the near annihilation of the fourth and fifth Canadian brigades, and the 2nd Division was put out of the fight for over a month. Yet the availability of a steady stream of reinforcements, mostly conscripts, had provided Currie with the personnel necessary to push the offensive even harder, and especially to take tactical risks that previously, in the words of Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, the commander-in-chief of the British Expeditionary Force, "would have been criminal to incur."

Forced to take a very brief operational pause, Currie inserted the relatively fresh first and fourth divisions into the fight and prepared to attack the vaunted Drocourt-Quéant (D-Q) Line, "one of the most powerful and well-organized German defence systems." Beginning on Monday, September 2, this battle quickly became one of the toughest fights of the war for the Canadian Corps.

Among the battalions hardest-hit was the 50th (Calgary); it suffered the loss of 241 men, including 31 dead. One of these was Private Helgi Goodman, an Icelandic-born brewery worker from Calgary. He was among ten conscripts killed at Dury, probably the victim of a German artillery barrage. The 44th Battalion (Manitoba) fared no better. Unable to get much past its jumping-off point, this unit lost 278 men, including 41 dead — among them 11 draftees.

Private James McLeod, a twenty-one-year-old steam engineer from Derby Junction, New Brunswick, and one of the conscripts, was killed by the same enemy shellfire that claimed about two thirds of his battalion's trench strength.

Perhaps worst of all, the 87th Battalion (Canadian Grenadier Guards) sustained 320 casualties, including sixty killed in action, of whom fourteen were conscripts. Private Ralph Doonan, a miner from Albert Mines (Sherbrooke), Quebec, was one of the conscripts killed. Only a week earlier, Doonan's older



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An anti-conscription parade at Victoria Square, Montreal, on May 24, 1917.

brother Fred (5th Canadian Mounted Rifles), also a conscript, had been killed in action at Monchy, east of Arras. Their mother, Annie, would soon receive two telegrams of regret.

In the wake of an additional 5,325 casualties at the D-Q Line, conscripts were more crucial to Currie's battle strategy than ever before. But successive offensives had taken an enormous toll. Currie was now forced to pause for more than three weeks to prepare for the corps' biggest challenge yet: Canal du Nord, another daunting part of the Hindenburg Line, was the last and most formidable obstacle among the German defences.

That epic five-day battle began at 5:20 a.m. on Friday, September 27, with an extremely risky assault by just four infantry battalions (elements of three different brigades) across a two-and-a-half-kilometre-wide gap in the unfinished (and dry) portion of the canal. Remarkably, by 8:00 a.m. the canal had been thoroughly breached and, in the titanic struggle that followed, Currie's forces pushed forward distances ranging from six to nine kilometres. Victory did not come cheap, though. Two Canadian infantry divisions, the first and the fourth, had been thoroughly savaged.

In particular, the 2nd Battalion (Eastern Ontario) had fought its last major engagement of the war, having sustained more than two hundred casualties and twenty-four dead, including eleven conscripts.

Among those draftees was Private Joseph Doyle, a barber from Renfrew, Ontario, who was felled by a shrapnel wound to the chest. He had arrived in France the previous June and had fought at both Amiens and the D-Q Line.

NO LONGER SEEN AS SLACKERS, SHIRKERS, OR COWARDS, THEY ARE SIMPLY SOLDIERS WHO FOUGHT VALIANTLY IN THE GREAT WAR.

The 7th Battalion (1st British Columbia) suffered almost equally; a third of its thirty-six dead were draftees. Among then was a British-born and college-educated farmhand from Fernie, British Columbia, Private Gordon Mucklow, who was cut down by enemy machine gun fire just west of Haynecourt in his very first action.

Subsequently, in what Currie later described as "five days of the bitterest fighting we ever experienced," the Canadian Corps drove the Germans even farther back, albeit once more at a very high cost. In fact, attacking on the last day of the battle, October 1, with all four of his divisions already thoroughly exhausted, Currie ran the risk that the German army might turn the tide. In the bitter fighting that followed, Canadian Brigadier General William Griesbach's 1st Brigade was stopped cold in its advance, while Brigadier General George Tuxford's 3rd Brigade was nearly overrun — possibly the worst reverse in the splendid history of the 1st Division.

Nowhere, though, was evidence of this debacle more apparent than in the ranks of Lieutenant Colonel Cy Peck's 16th Battalion (Canadian Scottish); it suffered 345 casualties from all ranks, its worst single-day loss of the entire war. More than one hundred of these men were draftees, twenty-eight of whom made the ultimate sacrifice. Among them was Private Ovide Gamache, a Quebec-born clerk from Big River, Saskatchewan, who was killed in action during the attack at Cuvillers. He was twenty years old.

In the six weeks that followed, the German army continued its fighting withdrawal eastward across France, pursued relentlessly by the Canadian Corps and by many other Allied formations. Past Cambrai and into Iwuy, where the 21st Battalion (Eastern Ontario) alone sustained 326 casualties (thirty-nine killed, including nineteen conscripts), then through Denain and on to the heavily defended city of Valenciennes, the corps fought its way across the frontier and by November 6 was once again bivouacked in Belgium. Five days later, the guns fell silent. The last Canadian to fall was a conscript, Private George Price, 28th Battalion (Northwest), killed by a sniper moments before the armistice went into effect at 11:00 a.m. on November 11, 1918.

The Hundred Days ended there, but the dying did not stop. Wounded Canadians, many conscripts among them, succumbed to horrible wounds over the next few weeks. Back in England, a more sinister enemy was taking its toll — the Spanish Influenza. Several hundred draftees died there after the war of the flu or other similar bronchopneumonia-related illnesses, while even greater numbers perished later in Canada.

In the aftermath of the Great War, and as Canada counted the immense cost in lives and national treasure, another reality briefly emerged. Conscripts had proven their loyalty and courage on the battlefield. Indeed, in the words of the warrior-poet Siegfried Sassoon, "what stubborn hearted virtues they disguised."

In time, however, the story of their vital contribution to Canada's final campaigns of the war was subsumed by the larger and more heroic narrative of the volunteers. Cloaked in myth and obscured in part by the great controversy when conscription once again sharply divided the nation during the Second World War, the sacrifice of these men lay largely buried in archives and personal accounts for nearly a century, their numbers rarely placed in context. But, as historian Desmond Morton once wrote, "evidence has a way of dissolving theories."

In the case of the 24,132 conscripts who did make it to the front at a defining moment in the history of the Canadian Corps, their legacy is now secure. No longer seen as slackers, shirkers, or cowards, they are simply soldiers who fought valiantly in the Great War. More importantly, the timely movement of these reluctant warriors to the front in 1918 ultimately provided the last essential ingredient for the victory and what General Currie later described as "the unparalleled striking power of our Battalions."

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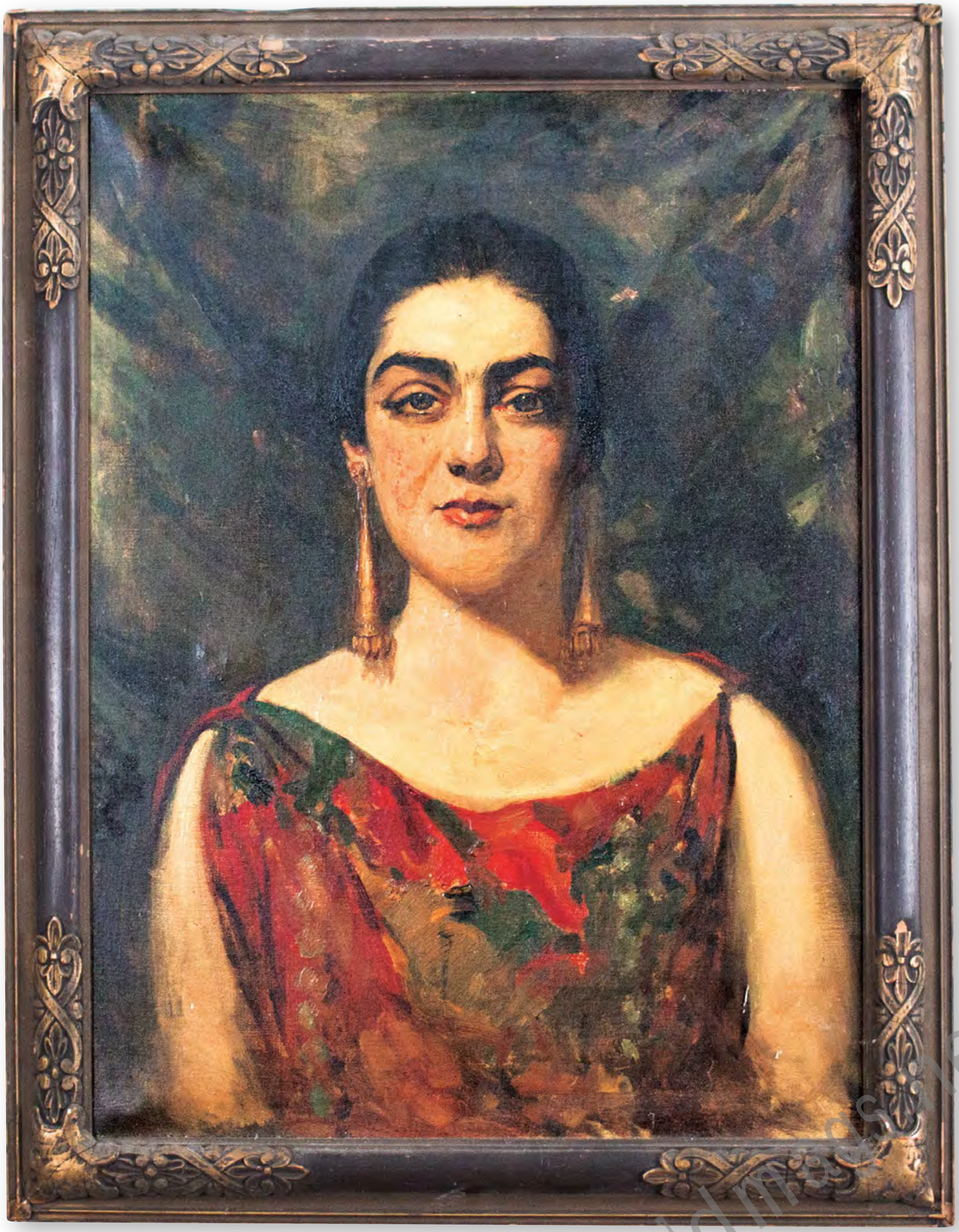

An unsigned oil painting of Eva Gauthier, date unknown.

A BRAVURA LIFE

EVA GAUTHIER PUSHED THE BOUNDARIES OF MUSIC DURING HER REMARKABLE INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL CAREER.

BY NATHAN M. GREENFIELD

AT 10:30 P.M. OTTAWA TIME on July 1, 1927, Canadians all over the country sat around their bulky wooden box radios listening to the CBC's first-ever nationwide broadcast. Across the crackling airwaves came the voice of a mezzo soprano who was a veteran of New York's most famous stages, a woman raised in Victorian Canada who had not only sung for Asian kings and Parisian cognoscenti but had also lived an *outré* life that matched the exotic Javanese music she sang across North America.

Eva Gauthier's program for this sixtieth Dominion Day did not feature such signature pieces as the Javanese "Anak Udang" (The Child of a Shrimp). Nor did she sing the jazz numbers or songs based on Stéphane Mallarmé's symbolist poetry for which she was renowned. Instead, the international concert star celebrated for her mastery of complex music returned to her roots; she sang "À la claire fontaine," a traditional French folk song that her first benefactors, Prime Minister Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his wife, Zoé, would have known.

Gauthier's father, Louis, had been one of the first French-Canadian engineers in the surveys branch of the federal ministry of the interior. He had been close to the prime minister's family since his father, Séraphin, had cared for Laurier's mother; the families were so close, in fact, that Laurier and Zoé (née Lafontaine) were married in a joint ceremony with Eva Gauthier's aunt Emma and François-Aristide Coutu. (Some sources describe the Lauriers as Eva Gauthier's aunt and uncle, but those were purely honorary appellations.)

Gauthier made her professional debut in 1901 when, at age seventeen, she sang at the funeral mass for Queen Victoria at Ottawa's Notre Dame Basilica. With the Lauriers' financial help, in late 1902 Gauthier went to study in Paris, where she stayed at the home of Joseph-Israël Tarte, Laurier's minister of public works, and then in a pension (guest house) chosen by Lady Laurier.

As part of the French-Canadian diaspora, which roughly paralleled the English-Canadian one in London, Gauthier's life in Paris resembled the chaperoned lives of heiresses in a Henry James novel, albeit without the

PHOTO: BRITTANY GAWLEY, COURTESY OF CARMEN BRODSKY

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Zoé Laurier, 1907.

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money. Her letters, written in a spidery hand, more often than not on postcards, tell of visiting the Louvre and attending classical plays; they also describe the strengths, weaknesses, and odd habits of some of her vocal teachers.

The Lauriers remained close to Gauthier for the rest of their lives. In 1905, however, after Gauthier moved to London, they turned their patronage toward Eva's sister, Juliette, writing cheques to support the aspiring violinist's studies in Paris. Since Eva could not afford to stay in Europe on her own, Lady Laurier suggested that she write to Lord Strathcona, then Canada's High Commissioner to the United Kingdom, asking for his support, which was forthcoming.

A few years later, Lady Laurier, who had already admonished Eva about purchasing an expensive Parisian wardrobe for her first Canadian concert tour, wrote an even stronger letter. "You have lived like the daughter of a millionaire," the letter reads. "It's high time you think of living on your own means."

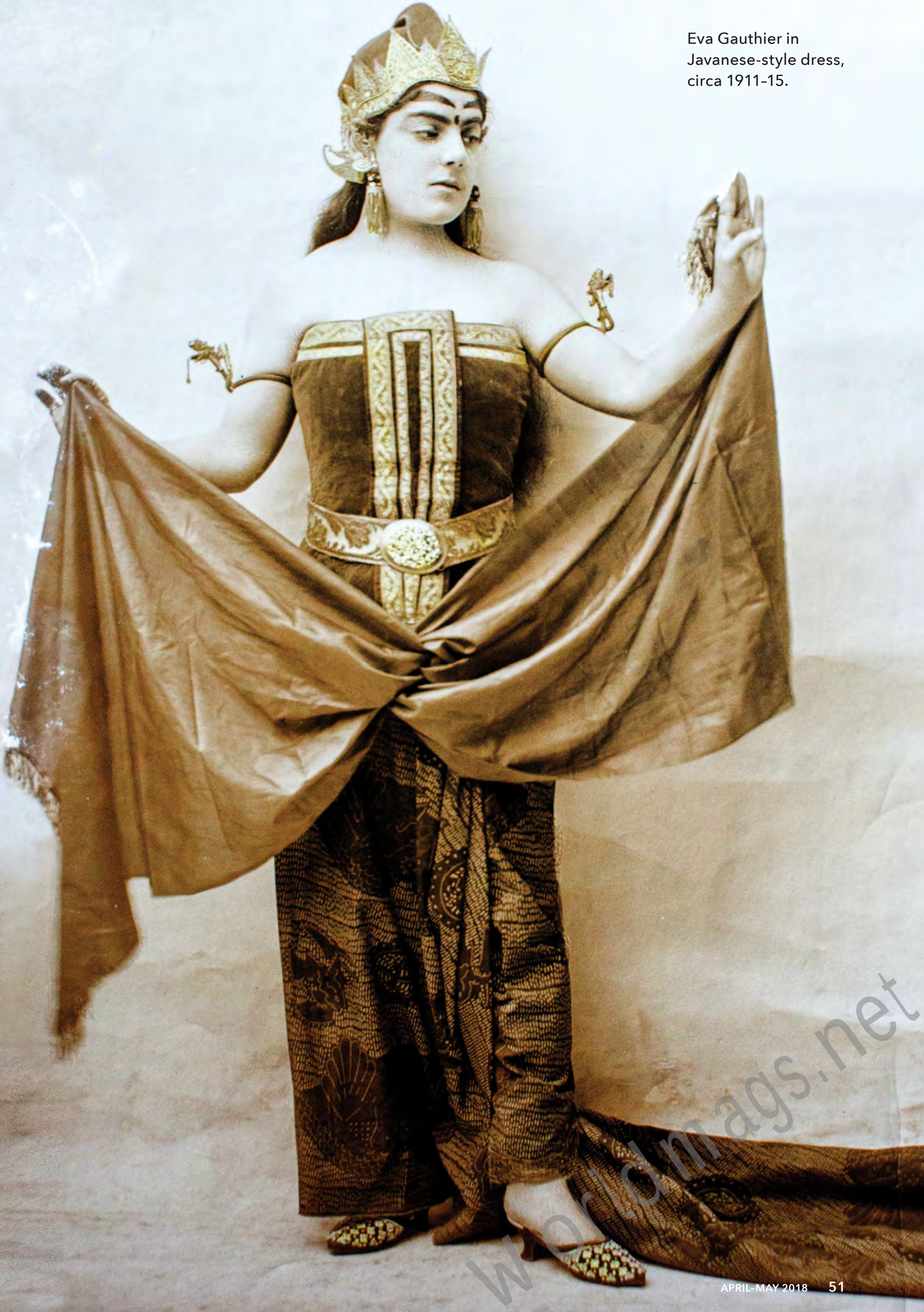
Over the next five years, Gauthier continued her studies, first in London and then elsewhere, including New York and Milan. In 1905 she began performing with Emma Albani, the first internationally known Canadian opera singer, and two years later she sang in *Carmen* in Pavia, Italy. In 1910, after they had performed together in London, Albani said, "As an artistic legacy to my country, I leave you Eva Gauthier." A command performance in Copenhagen led to Gauthier becoming the first foreign woman to be awarded the Order of the Queen. Gauthier turned down an Australian impresario's offer of a three-year contract at $300 a week (more than $6,500 today) and instead reached for the brass ring: a role at Covent Garden in London.

What happened next could easily have been staged as a performance by the famous opera company. Just before the curtain was to go up on her premiere performance, Gauthier was dismissed. The devastated Gauthier believed that prima donna Luisa Tetrazzini, fearing Gauthier's voice would upstage her own, had arranged the firing. The resulting financial disappointment can be felt even through the Victorian prose of Lord Strathcona, who in a letter to Lady Laurier wrote that Gauthier had told him, "having carefully thought over the [professional] position, she has definitely decided to go out to Java to marry a Mr. Knoote."

The man in question was Franz Knoote, whom Gauthier met while studying in Milan. Knoote managed a tea plantation in Java, and, while he reportedly loved Gauthier for the rest of his life, she soon regretted her decision to marry him. Once in Java, however, Gauthier quickly returned to performing concerts, and within a year she had added Malay to the languages she spoke.

At a time when most of the few Canadians who ventured to the Far East wore either the uniforms of the Royal Navy or British Army or worked for companies like the Royal Bank of Canada, Gauthier was taking bold steps into an unfamiliar culture. A Western woman performing in the Far East was almost unheard of, but that didn't stop her from garnering rave reviews on a tour of China. In 1911, the Hong Kong-based *South China Morning Post* called her "Canada's Fairest Daughter" for a concert in which she sang a selection of arias and sentimental ballads, while according to the *North China Daily News* a "more beautiful voice or artistic singer has seldom, if ever, been heard in Shanghai." More importantly for her career, Gauthier's years in Java introduced her to traditional gamelan music.

To learn more about the distinctive Javanese musical style, Gauthier spent a month in the court of the king of Siam, where she met Anna Leonowens, who became the model for *Anna and the King of Siam* and *The King and I*. (Leonowens eventually moved to Halifax, where she founded the Victoria College of Art and Design, now NSCAD University.) Conscious of the



Eva Gauthier in Javanese-style dress, circa 1911–15.

PHOTO: BRITTANY GAWLEY, COURTESY OF CARMEN BRODSKY

Guests at a 1928 party hosted by Eva Gauthier gather around her as she sits at the piano; George Gershwin is standing on the far right.

NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT

After a 1923 concert by Eva Gauthier in New York, the popular bandleader Paul Whiteman asked to speak to her accompanist. Whiteman asked the pianist, George Gershwin, to write a piece for an upcoming concert, “An Experiment in Modern Music.”

According to Gauthier (if not also the Hollywood version of Gershwin’s life in *An American in Paris*), *Rhapsody in Blue* had its first public hearing a few weeks later, after a rehearsal of Gauthier’s show – which, incidentally, the critics did not like. In 1982, however, John Rockwell of the *New York Times* wrote that the concert “sparked Gershwin’s own interest in expanding his artistic horizons and being taken ‘seriously.’”

Gershwin and Gauthier stayed in touch; in 1935, he invited her to a party celebrating the opening of his opera *Porgy and Bess*.

value of notoriety, Gauthier titled an article for the *Baltimore American* about her time at court “Experiences in a Harem.”

Gamelan music is produced by up to seventy-five instruments playing two different tuning systems, one expressing either the drama of sadness or happiness while the other, in the words of musicologist Jennifer Lindsey, portrays something more “majestic ... noble and calm.” This music, unusual to Gauthier’s Western ears, provided her with a unique oeuvre and her audience with a frisson of erotic exoticism, because of its foreignness and the all-but-diaphanous costumes Gauthier wore while performing

The outbreak of the First World War put an end to Gauthier’s plans to tour Europe and redirected her to New York, where she gave her first recital in December 1914 at the home of Frank Damrosch, the Metropolitan Opera’s chorus master.

Exactly where in the American musical firmament Gauthier’s performances fit was and remains problematic. Neither the public nor the critics quite knew — or, indeed, know now — what to do with someone who sang opera, Javanese folk music, and avant-garde jazz. To confuse things even more, Gauthier’s shows soon included suggestive dances by a performer named Nila Devi (Sanskrit for “Blue Goddess,” but actually an American exotic dancer named Regina Llewellyn Jones). The show, which Gauthier called *Songmotion*, was largely consigned to vaudeville, where sexuality could be displayed with a knowing wink.

Reaction varied widely and was not always positive. A full decade after the raw sexuality on display in the premiere of Stravinsky’s *The Rite of Spring* caused a riot in Paris in 1913, *Variety* commented sniffily on Gauthier’s singing “in a foreign tongue” and Devi’s “snake like movements.” In response to “The Adoration of the Elephant,” the reviewer for the *Los Angeles Times* harrumphed, “if you are wise you will applaud and look learned.” He may not have liked the performance, but his response suggested that he recognized that Gauthier was presenting something new and challenging, perhaps even something important. A Winnipeg writer gave Gauthier a backhanded compliment by praising her for playing down the exotic and singing from *The Barber of Seville*.

Devi’s replacement, an English dancer who went by the name of Roshanara, introduced Gauthier to New York’s avant-garde music scene. By late 1917 Gauthier was performing works by Ravel, Stravinsky, and Rimsky-Korsakov at New York’s Aeolian Hall, which was second in prestige only to Carnegie Hall. Her sister Juliette had turned to the anthropological work of saving French-Canadian folk songs. Likely influenced by Juliette’s efforts, Gauthier included several of these pieces alongside the newer works and the Javanese songs in her concerts.

Immortalized by, among others, Ernest Hemingway and Canadian writers like Morley Callaghan and John Glasgow, the Paris that Gauthier returned to in 1920 bore little relation to the one the French-Canadian ingenue had experienced earlier. She was no longer the provincial girl who on her first sojourn to Paris had looked forward to packages of maple taffy and reading *Ladies’ Home Journal*, and who found the Moulin Rouge, in her words, “very odd.” Now, instead of chaste trips to the Louvre and the theatre, Gauthier became part of the group around composers Erik Satie and Maurice Ravel, the latter best known for the sensuous *Boléro*.

Her personal life reflected her convention-flouting professional activities. Not only was Gauthier married and divorced but she had also secretly borne a child out of wedlock at around this time. The boy was sent to the United States to live, although it’s not clear with whom. After Gauthier died, an American court recognized him as her heir.

Gauthier’s closeness to Laurier and, later, to Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King — who fustily refused both Eva’s and Juliette’s entreaties for financial aid, claiming it would be improper for a bachelor to write either of them a cheque — indicates the family’s Liberal loyalties. So, too, does the way her “her father always recognized and respected his

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

daughter's commitment to her career" and, despite the family's Catholicism, accepted Gauthier's divorce, notes Quebec musicologist Nadia Turbide, who wrote her doctoral dissertation on the singer.

Of course, one limit was not tested; Gauthier's family did not know of her son being secretly raised in Chicago. Had the Lord Chamberlain in London been aware of the boy's existence, it is all but certain that Gauthier would never have received the large, heavy gilt-engraved card summoning "Eva Gauthier to Court at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday the 12th of June, 1928 at 9:30 o'clock p.m."

The singer held another secret behind her French-Canadian Roman Catholic identity, one she hinted at in a 1923 concert. She included the Kaddish, the Jewish prayer for the dead, the words and music of which were sacred to the Jewish part of her family on her father's side.

Gauthier was also comfortable challenging prevailing social and political opinion. In the middle of America's first "red scare" in 1923, she sang the "Hymn of Free Russia," the national anthem of Soviet Russia, in public. In 1925, a year when seventeen African-American men were lynched, Gauthier wrote a letter to the *New York Times* praising the African-American Fisk Jubilee Singers for the "perfection of their rendition of songs with the art of true music as well as their spontaneity that gives life to any art."

Thirteen years later, with her career in decline and war clouds again gathering over Europe, Gauthier used a radio address to criticize the Daughters of the American Revolution service organization for preventing the great African-American contralto Marian Anderson from singing in Washington's Constitution Hall. In a letter to the organization she underscored the contributions of "great Negro artists." Gauthier's opinion was supported by Eleanor Roosevelt, at whose urging her husband, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, allowed Anderson to sing from the steps of the Lincoln Memorial.

During the Second World War, Gauthier continued to sing and loaned her talents to war bond drives in both Canada and the United States. After the war, her performing career over, Gauthier taught master classes in New York. Despite her glittering career, she had never been wealthy, and now her finances were stretched. In those pre-Canada Council days, there was little government support available. Gauthier failed to secure a grant from the Canadian government or from several American foundations; a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation in early 1958 allowed her to pay five hundred dollars to two writers working on her memoirs, which were never finished.

Still, though living in the same sort of genteel poverty she had experienced as a student in Paris, and all but forgotten by the general public, Gauthier retained a commanding presence. One devoted New York concertgoer recalled that it was "a well-known fact that many concerts are incomplete until she arrives with her distinctive dress and queenly demeanour."

Eva Gauthier died on Boxing Day in 1958 in New York. Though remembered by the *New York Times*, she was forgotten across Canada and even in her home city. There was no obituary in the Ottawa newspapers for the woman who, two generations earlier, was called "The High Priestess of Modern Song."

PHOTO: BRITTANY GAWLEY, COURTESY OF CARMEN BRODSKY

Dancer Nila Devi.

APPROPRIATE OR APPROPRIATED?

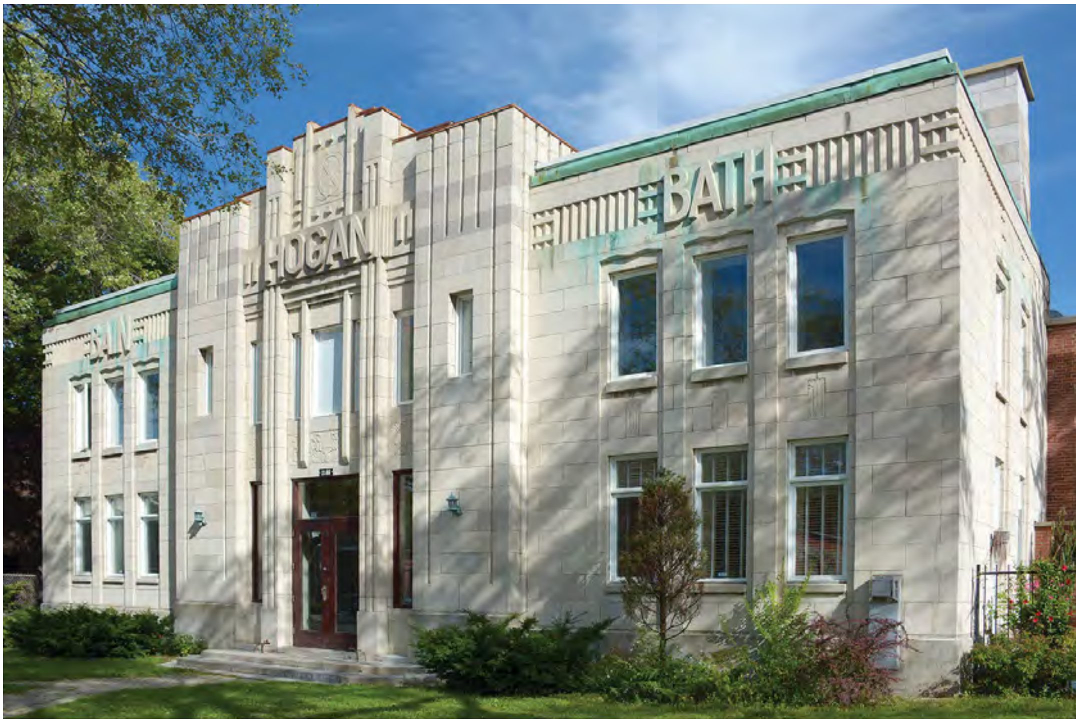
Was Eva Gauthier engaging in cultural appropriation by presenting Westernized versions of Javanese songs while "surrounded by special scenery and a series of wardrobe changes" suggestive of Javanese dress? That's a question raised recently by musicologists such as Anita Slominksa, who wrote her doctoral dissertation on Eva and her sister Juliette.

Even though Gauthier noted the havoc in Indonesia caused by the Dutch colonial authorities, the way she writes about the indigenous Javanese – "natives of an enchanting land" – and her acceptance (albeit only as an observer conscious of the Javanese social mores) of the practice of forcing twelve-year-old girls into arranged marriages, make for grim reading. However, in another article she observed that, because women of the court acted as go-betweens for the prime minister and the Sultan, the women "can shape the questions and answers with any construction they choose to put into them."

Gauthier thought of her performances as a cultural bridge, the framework of which was a lecture in which she discussed "interesting bits of information concerning Javanese customs." After all, she had gone from a bourgeois French-Canadian upbringing in Ottawa's tony Sandy Hill neighbourhood to an environment that, as she described in a newspaper article, required checking under her bed for snakes and listening to the "screeching and chattering" of monkeys, tigers, and spotted leopards.

ART DECO
ARCHITECTURE
ACROSS CANADA
Stories of the country's buildings
between the two World Wars

Tim Morawetz
Foreword by Alastair Duncan



OPEN BOOK

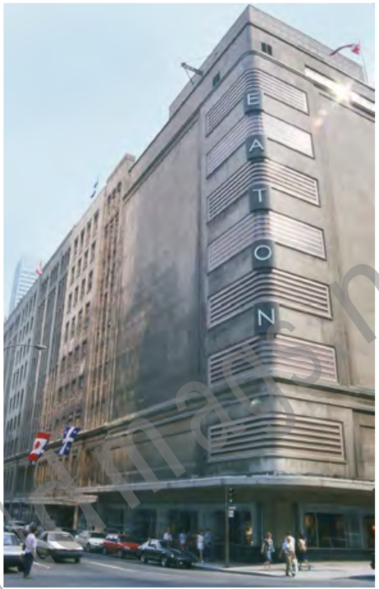
An era of elegant designs

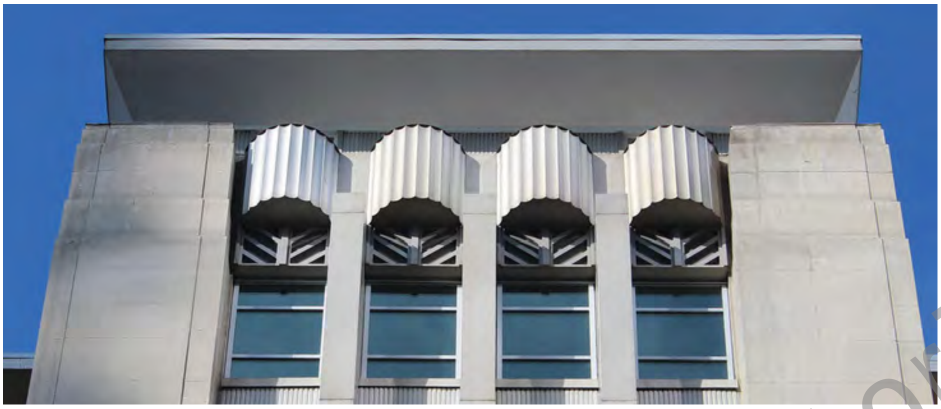
In his second book about art deco architecture, Tim Morawetz shares the results of three decades of work documenting and photographing the country's buildings. *Art Deco Architecture Across Canada: Stories of the Country's Buildings between the Two World Wars* includes over 400 photographs — most of them made by Morawetz, but also rare archival images — that portray the rich legacy of Canadian architecture and design from the early part of the twentieth century.

The book shows homes and residential buildings as well as a great variety of public and commercial buildings that incorporate elements of art deco style. Morawetz begins by explaining the material, sculptural, and decorative elements that characterize art deco and then describes some 150 buildings along with many of their marvellous details.

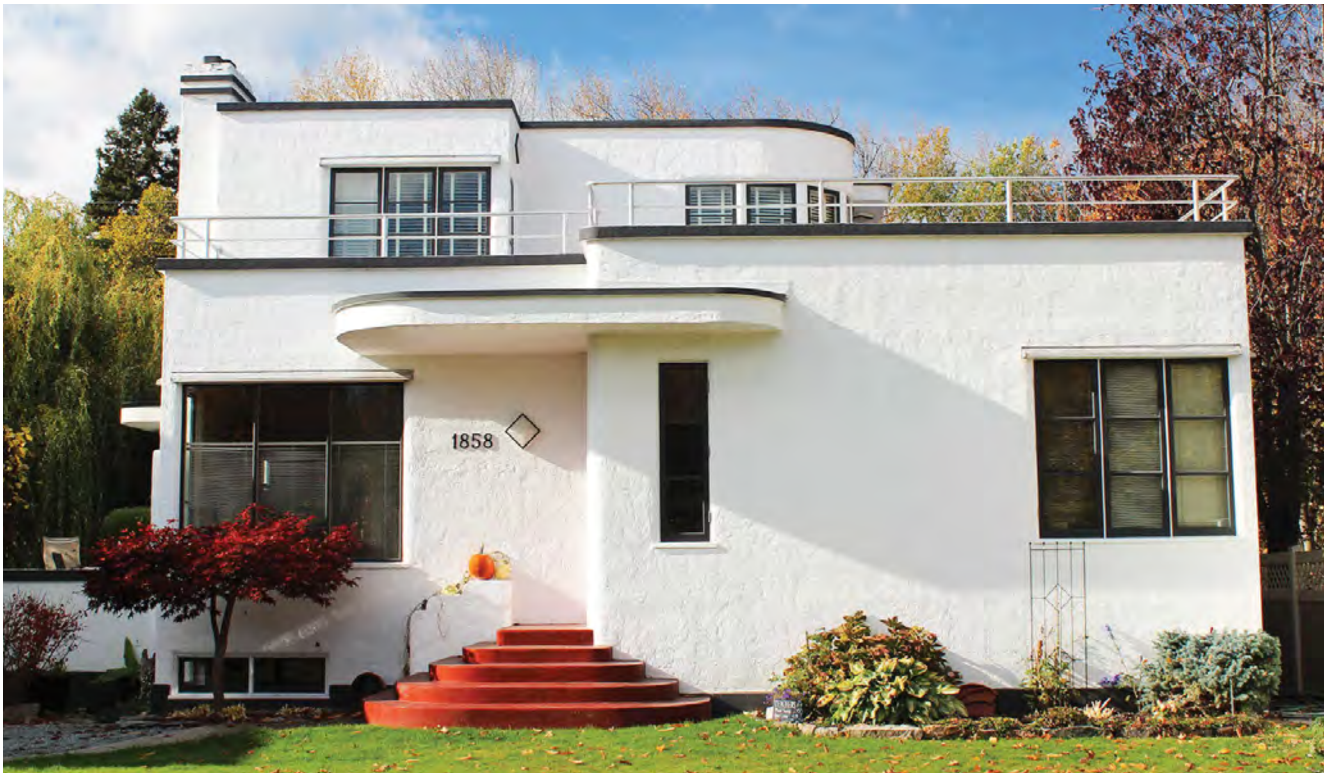
In the process, he shows not only where but also how Canadians lived, worked, travelled, and enjoyed themselves, particularly between the late 1920s and early 1950s. While highlighting remarkable structures and craftsmanship, *Art Deco Architecture Across Canada* is also a story of Canadians' lives and aspirations as reflected in elegant and inventive designs. — *Phil Koch*

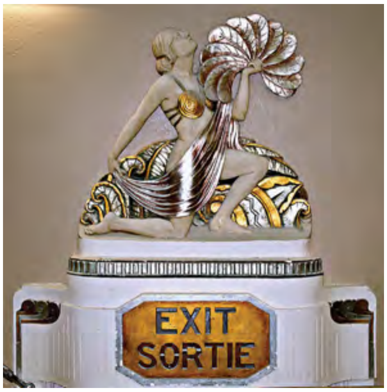
Above: The main facade of the Hogan Bath in Montreal uses step-back massing and vertical grooves. Top left: A brass detail in the elevator of the Federal Building in Regina is an example of the frozen-fountain motif. Bottom left: Semicircular scalloped aluminum panels crown the vertical window strips of the limestone frontispiece of Calgary's Barron Building. Bottom right: The corner of the Eaton's department store in Montreal offers a late example of the streamlined moderne style.

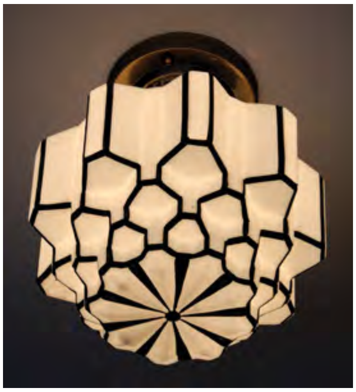




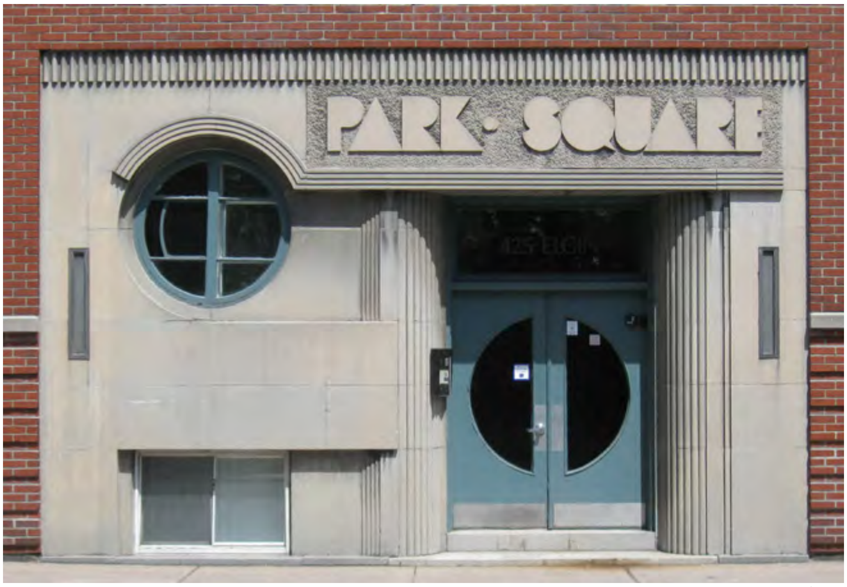
PHOTOS: MIKE STREICHER, TIM MORAWETZ

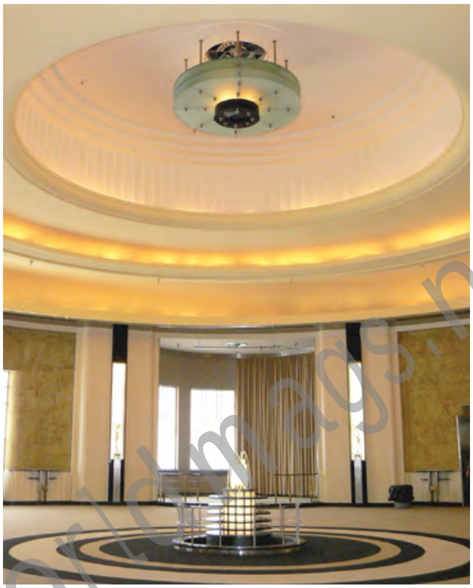




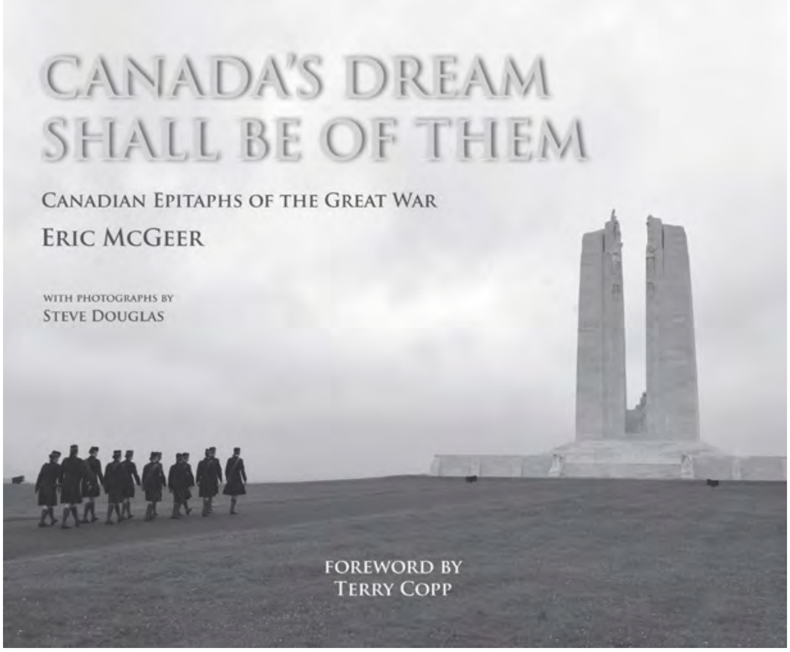


Above: The second G.D. Loane house in Kelowna, British Columbia, features curved steps and a canopy that echo the curved outer wall on the second floor. Far left: Exotic bas-relief figures adorn the emergency exits of Montreal's Snowdon Theatre. Left: A boldly geometric frosted-glass fixture at the Women's Tribute Memorial Lodge in Winnipeg. Bottom left: The carved stone entrance of Ottawa's Park Square Apartments includes a bold art deco typeface that stands out from a rough-textured background. Bottom right: The Round Room Restaurant of Eaton's College Street store in Toronto features soft lemon-coloured walls and a fountain designed by René Lalique with black and frosted glass.





PHOTOS: TIM MORAWETZ, DAVID THOMPSON, SANDRA COHEN-ROSE AND COLIN ROSE



AGONY IN STONE

Canada's Dream Shall Be of Them: Canadian Epitaphs of the Great War

by Eric McGeer
Wilfrid Laurier University Press, 223 pages, $49.99

"Our dear daddy and our war hero. We miss you." "J'ai fait mon devoir." (I did my duty.) "Four years have passed and still I miss him. How I miss him none can tell. Mother." "Killed in action. Beloved daughter of Angus & Mary Maud Macdonald, Brantford, Canada." These moving epitaphs are but four of the thousands inscribed on headstones for Canadian soldiers and nurses who died in the First World War.

To visit the First World War cemeteries along the Western Front, or in hundreds of other locations around the world, is to feel the grief of silenced and shattered dreams. The Commonwealth War Graves Commission (CWGC) cemeteries, with their Crosses of Sacrifice set in tranquil landscapes, are the final resting place of Canada's (and of what was once the British Empire's) fallen. They number 1.7 million men and women of the Commonwealth forces for the two world wars, including some 66,000 Canadians.

The white Portland headstones mark the young and the middle-aged who never returned to their homes by providing, when possible, their name, rank, age, date of death, and unit. Canada's silent army rests there for eternity.

Along the bottom of many of the headstones run epitaphs from grieving families. The next of kin were given sixty-six characters, including spaces, to find words to capture the haunting loss of a son, brother, father, uncle, or daughter. How does one sum up a life in a space that is less than half the length of a typical Twitter message?

In the beautifully produced *Canada's Dream Shall Be of Them*, Eric McGeer's story of Canada's First World War epitaphs is accompanied by haunting photographs by Steve Douglas and colour reproductions of war art from the Canadian War Museum collection. McGeer offers a brief history of the war, its battles, and the CWGC, but it is the epitaphs themselves that convey the power of mourning widows, parents, and orphans who struggled to make sense of a life taken too soon.

Many of the next of kin drew solace in scripture. Others found the words of poets Rudyard Kipling or John McCrae more apt for giving expression to grief. Epitaphs appear in English, French, Latin, Danish, Welsh, Ukrainian, and other languages, too, reflecting the diversity of the Canadian Expeditionary Force that was 620,000 members strong.

Many epitaphs seem to accept the loss, as the survivors found strength in words of sacrifice regarding what many believed was a just war. But one wonders about the parents of nineteen-year-old Private Ernest Insley, killed on April 9, 1917, the first day of the Battle of Vimy Ridge: "Gone. One of the best. No words can bring him back."

Next of kin were given sixty-six characters, including spaces, to find words to capture the haunting loss of a son, brother, father, uncle, or daughter – less than half the length of a Twitter message.

The CWGC was accommodating of the grief but refused overly angry or bitter wording. Nonetheless, it rarely censored chosen wordings. There is a moving epitaph for one British soldier who had been executed for desertion: "Shot at dawn. One of the first to enlist. A worthy son of his father."

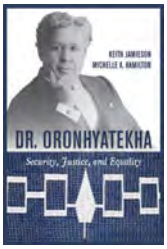
The epitaphs are agony rendered in stone. The family of seventeen-year-old Private Bruce Nickerson, of Clark's Harbour, Nova Scotia, left this message: "We loved him well. Memory gives pride and sorrow." One hundred years on, that pride and that sorrow continue to emanate from the gravestones.

Reviewed by **Tim Cook**, the author of ten books, including *Vimy: The Battle and the Legend* (Allen Lane, 2017).

FRATERNIZING WITH THE MANY

Dr. Oronhyatekha: Security, Justice, Equality

by Keith Jamieson and
Michelle A. Hamilton
Dundurn Press, 368 pages, $26.99



This biography is about one of the most interesting men in Canadian history about whom little is known, and it thus fills an important gap. Dr. Oronhyatekha (Burning Sky) was baptized Peter Martin in 1841 in the Mohawk Territory of the Six Nations of the Grand River, near Brantford, Ontario. He lived an eventful life, travelling widely, and died in Savannah, Georgia, in 1907. Oronhyatekha's funeral was held in Toronto and was attended by thousands. His body was taken by train for internment in Tyendinaga Mohawk Territory, north and west of Kingston, Ontario.

Probably the best-known story about Oronhyatekha is an address he made to the Prince of Wales when only nineteen years old. The prince, then aged eighteen and the eldest son of Queen Victoria, was paying a royal visit to Canada. Chosen to speak by the Six Nations of the Grand River, Oronhyatekha so impressed the future king that he was was given the opportunity to attend Oxford University. On his return to Canada he enrolled in the School of Medicine at the University of Toronto. In 2002, when it celebrated its 175th anniversary, Oronhyatekha was recognized as one of the "great minds" of the university. The testimonial reads, in part: "In 1866, Oronhyatekha … became the first Aboriginal Canadian to earn a degree from an institution of higher learning, completing a medical degree at U of T."

Oronhyatekha was an amazing man who blended the best of the Haudenosaunee's Great Law and of the Victorian era into a creed of security, justice, and equality that he furthered through the fraternal movement. In politics he was a Conservative and a friend of Sir John A. Macdonald. He even planned to name a child after Macdonald, but the child was a girl. One wonders if the Kingston pub owner who recently took Macdonald's name off his pub consulted with the Mohawks of the Bay of Quinte band council to see if they approved of this shabby treatment of a good friend of Oronhyatekha.

While he practised his profession in different centres in southern Ontario — including Stratford, London, and Toronto — as well as in and around the Tyendinaga Mohawk Territory — at Frankford, Napanee, and Deseronto — Oronhyatekha is most widely known for being the Supreme Chief Ranger of the Independent Order of Foresters. In 1878, not yet forty years old, he took over a moribund organization and built it into an important financial and fraternal organization that was based in Toronto after he moved the head office from London, Ontario. In building the organization, he expanded internationally to Europe, Australia, India, and Egypt, and in the mid-1890s he had a new headquarters built. The Temple was Toronto's first skyscraper and, for a time, the tallest building in the British Empire.

As a business historian I was particularly interested in the chapter on the 1906 McTavish Royal Commission on Life Insurance, which gave me new insights regarding an important event in Canadian financial history.

The Temple building is long gone from downtown Toronto, but thirteen kilometres to the north and east, near the Don Valley Parkway and across from the Ontario Science Centre, the Independent Order of Foresters building stands as a reminder of Dr. Oronhyatekha. Visitors entering the building will encounter his statue. But his main monument is an international organization based in Canada, with millions of clients and members and billions of dollars in assets, that helps families to achieve their financial goals and that makes a lasting difference in their lives and communities.

This new biography gives insights into the remarkable and often controversial life of an Indigenous person who was a friend of Sir John A. Macdonald and who achieved success in medicine, sports, politics, fraternalism, and business. Oronhyatekha was a true quintuple threat who, in spite of racial barriers, was remarkably successful in a wide range of endeavours.

Reviewed by **Joe Martin**, director of Canadian business history at the Rotman School of Management, University of Toronto.

SHARING THE BURDEN

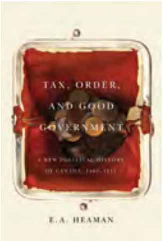
Give and Take: The Citizen-Taxpayer and the Rise of Canadian Democracy

by Shirley Tillotson
UBC Press, 444 pages, $39.95

Tax, Order, and Good Government: A New Political History of Canada, 1867–1917

by E.A. Heaman
McGill-Queen's University Press,
598 pages, $39.95

Give AND Take
THE CITIZEN-TAXPAYER AND THE RISE OF CANADIAN DEMOCRACY
SHIRLEY TILLOTSON



Unless you are an accountant or a corporate lawyer, a history of Canadian tax policy will not be at the top of your reading list. But here are two books that show how a topic's importance should rank ahead of its popularity — and it helps that both books are very entertaining.

At the core of governing are decisions on how, where, and when to *spend* public money. How and when to *collect* money, and from whom, are equally important. Put another way, we all pay taxes, and we have an interest in how that money is spent.

Shirley Tillotson, from the University of King's College in Halifax, argues in *Give and Take* that taxation feuds are at the heart of Canadian political history. She writes in a light, accessible manner, drawing extensively on official documents, which are supplemented by letters from individual Canadians to federal ministers of finance and national revenue and to other government officials. These letters, she says, are "a gold mine for social history." She begins in 1917, when the federal income tax was introduced as a temporary measure to finance the Great War, and concludes in 1971, when Canada's personal and corporate tax laws were substantially modernized.

While income tax is "the headline story," Tillotson points to many other fiscal measures, such as customs duties and property rates, that make up the "terrain of tax culture." Her larger goal is to show how "taxation has been more than a matter of economics, obscure accounting gambits, and high politics."

Tillotson is skilful in using historical analysis to explain the past through a modern lens. At times it feels that she is racing to set down many thoughts, but her central theme is clear: Taxation and citizenship are firmly linked in democratic life. As Canada matured, fiscal policies required open conversations, not backroom deals, to achieve "tax fairness and a just social order." Hence the concept of the "citizen-taxpayer" in the title of the book.

Among other findings, Tillotson argues that the image of Canadians as ever-obedient taxpayers is a myth. She draws some parallels with American-style tax resistors, while stressing that our taxation conflicts were rooted in regional differences and clashing visions of the role of women, families, and "luxury" in society.

While Tillotson deals with a fairly modern period (if you agree that modern Canada emerged during the First World War), she warmly recommends her book's "fraternal twin" — E.A. Heaman's *Tax, Order, and Good Government* — which is focused on taxation issues in the early Confederation years, between 1867 and 1917. "My greatest intellectual debt is owed to Elsbeth Heaman," Tillotson writes. So let's turn now to that study.

Heaman is based at McGill University and begins her book with wry comments on how tax history must seem "the most boring work imaginable." She really doesn't mean it and proceeds to assert both that tax history reveals the "beginnings of modern social 'rights'" and that "the modern state emerged from debates about fair taxation."

Heaman's work is dense, with references to contemporary philosophy and classic British economics. She argues that the social culture of taxation is a version of "the political fights over resources" and is as important to Canada's history as "competing regions, nationalisms, and racializations."

She interprets Confederation as a sly fiscal pact, assigning social powers to provinces that did not have sufficient revenues to engage in welfare spending to mitigate poverty or to influence labour markets. Meanwhile, the central Dominion government retained revenues from trade and excise duties,

New from University of Toronto Press

Residential Schools and Reconciliation
Canada Confronts its History
by J.R. Miller
'This book explains how, in a quarter of a century, the Indigenous peoples' version of the history of Indian Residential Schools has left the margins and moved to the centre of our understanding of Canadian history.'
Donald B. Smith, University of Calgary

Contours of the Nation
Making Obesity and Imagining Canada, 1945–1970
by Deborah McPhail
Contours of the Nation is the first book which explores obesity in Canada in the post-war period from a critical perspective.

Northern Star
J.S. Plaskett
by R. Peter Broughton
This book explores the fascinating life of Canada's pre-eminent astronomer John Stanley Plaskett and highlights the reputation he built for Canada as a nation making important contributions to basic science.

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Advancing Knowledge

using tariffs to protect favoured industries while subsidizing favoured “clients,” notably the railroads.

Tax-policy changes were essential to moving Canada from government based on property values to a democracy based on citizenship values. The 1917 decision to create an income tax (long after this type of tax was applied in Britain and the United States) is seen by Heaman as a victory for social fairness. It was achieved through hard political battles between regional and national forces, progressives and plutocrats, labour and managers, among others. The terminology of those times now feels dated, but the issues remain with us as we continue to wrangle over minimum wages, the security of company pensions, business taxes, and free trade.

Both books use extensive archival and published sources, and both examine important episodes and players to explain decisions, elections, and campaigns. Their shared point of view is clearly stated by Heaman: “The desperate pleas of the poor for relief from harsh taxation do matter. They give this book its moral centre.” But these authors are not polemicists, and their work is thorough and nuanced.

The contribution here to political and social history is valuable, but I don’t fully buy the core argument. Yes, taxation policy is not sufficiently appreciated in our history; but other factors stand out more sharply in Canada’s successes and failures — notably, regional jealousies, ethnic fears, language, religion, culture, and wars. Tillotson and Heaman stress fiscal deviousness and tax fairness in our national narrative. They also show that, on fundamental tax-policy decisions, Canada’s record has not been brilliant. These are provocative findings that expand our understanding

Reviewed by **Victor Rabinovitch**, who was for eleven years the president of the Canadian Museum of Civilization (now the Canadian Museum of History) and the Canadian War Museum. He is a distinguished fellow in the School of Policy Studies at Queen’s University.

MORE BOOKS

The Last of the Buffalo Return to the Wild

edited by Harvey Locke
Summerthought Publishing,
96 pages, $49.95

The Last of the Buffalo
Return to the Wild

Harvey Locke is trustee of the Eleanor Luxton Historical Foundation, based in Banff, Alberta, and in *The Last of the Buffalo Return to the Wild* he has put together an interesting and informative series of essays. The first and largest chapter is written by Locke and focuses on Banff National Park and its role in the conservation of the plains bison in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. With photos, illustrations, letters, and maps that outline where the buffalo roamed, it tells the story of the largest plains bison herd that emerged from those early conservation efforts.

The second chapter, written by George Colpitts, a history professor at the University of Calgary, focuses on the history of the plains bison before those conservation efforts and explains why the bison were then so close to becoming extinct.

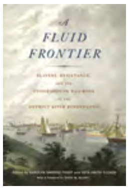
Jennifer Rutkair, archivist for the Whyte Museum of the Canadian Rockies, details the preservation of the original *The Last of the Buffalo* booklet, published in 1908 and included here in facsimile form. The reproduction features photos of the 1907 roundup of that largest bison herd.

A chapter written by First Nations educator Leroy Little Bear discusses the Buffalo Treaty of 2014 as well as the relationship between Indigenous peoples and the buffalo. And the final chapter, written by Norman Luxton in 1912, is a first-person account of his role and activities in that 1907 roundup.

With the reintroduction of wild bison to Banff National Park in February 2017, this book offers a timely reflection on the efforts made by so many people to return this magnificent beast to its historic home. — *Danielle Chartier*

A Fluid Frontier: Slavery, Resistance, and the Underground Railroad in the Detroit River Borderland

edited by Karolyn Smardz Frost
and Veta Smith Tucker
Wayne State University Press,
304 pages, $55.95



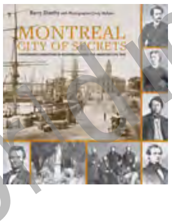
In *A Fluid Frontier: Slavery, Resistance and the Underground Railroad in the Detroit River Borderland*, editors Karolyn Smardz Frost and Veta Smith Tucker present essays by both Canadian and American academic and community historians. The collection aims to bridge the African-American and African-Canadian experiences in this transnational region before the American Civil War.

In thirteen essays divided among five themes, *A Fluid Frontier* introduces readers to the people, places, and events that were instrumental in leading more than thirty thousand refugees to freedom. The short, informative chapters are easy to read, and many of them are illustrated by maps and historic images.

The editors set out to debunk the myths and legends of the Underground Railroad that have been perpetuated in both American and Canadian histories. They do this by seeking to refocus attention on the fact that “African people’s experience of freedom predated their arrival in the West, fuelled their discontent with slavery, and motivated the inexorable migrations that became the Underground Railroad.” — *Jessica Knapp*

Montreal, City of Secrets: Confederate Operations in Montreal during the American Civil War

by Barry Sheehy
Baraka Books, 297 pages, $34.95



When the United States of America went to war against itself in 1861, it sparked a conflict of catastrophic proportions.

The northern states fielded more than 2.1 million soldiers in the American Civil War, roughly double the number of Confederate troops. The combined death toll stands at approximately 620,000, but some estimates place it as high as 850,000.

As for Canada, while it was far from the battlefields geographically, it was on the front lines when it came to the machinations that went on behind the scenes. The nexus of this activity was Montreal, which played host to Confederate spies as well as to millions of dollars in hard currency or gold — much of it used to bankroll clandestine activities against the U.S. North.

In *Montreal, City of Secrets*, author Barry Sheehy paints a vivid portrait of a city teeming with spies, smugglers, and assassins. Perhaps the most notorious Confederate expat in Montreal was John Wilkes Booth — the man who assassinated U.S. President Abraham Lincoln. The book's appendix contains an especially intriguing list of all the known Confederate agents and sympathizers who operated in the city during the period.

Well-researched, with detailed endnotes and ample black-and-white period photography, the book is a real eye-opener for those who think Canada sat idly by during America's bloodiest conflict. — *Mark Collin Reid*

Witness to Loss: Race, Culpability, and Memory in the Dispossession of Japanese Canadians

edited by Jordan Stanger-Ross
and Pamela Sugiman
McGill-Queen's University Press,
318 pages, $29.95

Witness to Loss reminds us of a difficult chapter in Canada's history — the dispossession and internment of Japanese Canadians during the Second World War — through the lens of one man and his complex relationship with the racist world of 1940s Vancouver.

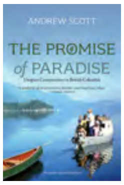
Editors Jordan Stanger-Ross and Pamela Sugiman present the memoir-in-translation of Kishizo Kimura, who details his involvement with wartime committees that facilitated the coerced sale of Japanese-Canadian fishing boats and property. Historic photographs, including a striking shot of hundreds of impounded boats floating together at the Annieville Dyke, and reproduced newspaper clippings bring Kimura's memories to life.

While his writing can be stoic and technical at times, Kimura's message to later generations betrays his desire to defend his actions: "We swallowed our tears." His was an internal struggle, a careful negotiation with institutional racism, grounded in his belief that his "obedience" was an act of quiet advocacy for his community.

Stanger-Ross and Sugiman — both of them university professors involved with the Landscapes of Injustice project regarding the dispossession of Japanese Canadians — rely on the reflection and analysis of academic historians, some of whom also have family histories of internment. These essays push the discussion beyond simplistic binaries of right or wrong, victim or collaborator. For readers, the experience is illuminating and challenging — unsettling at times, but ultimately worthwhile. — *Sharon Hanna*

The Promise of Paradise: Utopian Communities in British Columbia

by Andrew Scott
Harbour Publishing, 272 pages, $24.95



In *The Promise of Paradise* journalist and photographer Andrew Scott dives into the history of utopian British Columbia settlements, unpacking 150 years of alternative and experimental communities that have both flourished and failed on B.C. soil.

Scott outlines the philosophical, economic, and religious reasons why so many idealistic colonies found sanctuary on Canada's West Coast.

One of these colonies was the vision of William Duncan, an English missionary who dreamed of using Christianity to "elevate" the First Nations people of Metlakatla (near Prince Rupert). "By our standards," writes Scott, "Duncan was an autocrat — paternalist, manipulative, even cruel. But by the standards of the day, he was a success."

Edward Arthur Wilson, more popularly known as Brother XII, is another religious leader who attracted hundreds of followers to the British Columbia islands of De Courcy and Valdes. In the 1920s, Wilson created a religious cult known as the Aquarian Foundation. Scott writes that it "eventually collapsed in a series of sensational lawsuits, amidst allegations of black magic, sexual misconduct, brutality, fraud, and theft."

In these episodes and many others, Scott intertwines his personal journey of research and discovery with the histories of these communities. The stories are supplemented with photographs and hand-drawn maps that are helpful to readers who are not well versed in B.C. geography.

This expanded second edition of the book picks up where Scott left off in 1997 and looks at more recent co-housing complexes and eco-villages. — *Moriah Campbell*

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Drumsnab, built in 1830, is one of the oldest homes in Toronto.

TORONTO STAR ARCHIVES

House histories

Tips for teasing out the tales behind your family home. *by Paul Jones*

Retired broadcaster John Dawe knows a thing or two about telling a story. Impressively, he can itemize the many owners of his former Toronto house all the way back to the Second World War, when it doubled for a time as "a safe house for spies who came to Toronto to go to Camp X in Oshawa for training."

My genealogist friend Bill Whiteside can't match this intrigue, but he can claim acquaintance with all the families who ever owned his eighty-year-old house. He even attended university with the builder's son.

Few among us have access to such juicy or comprehensive lore about our own family homes. Most of us will need to undertake systematic research if we are to learn when construction took place and who lived there in earlier times.

Consider the first house my wife and I owned. Apart from the couple who sold it to us in 1977, we knew nothing of its past. After a while, we realized that the house had a semi-regular visitor, a confused and wizened vagrant who knocked on our front door every few months, always asking for Mrs. Chambers and always convinced we were hiding her from him. Many years later, I hired a house historian. It seems that Mrs. Chambers, after being widowed, ran a rooming house there in the 1950s and 1960s.

It was not until the 1970s and latter that gentrification restored the neighbourhood to the single-family dwellings property developers had originally envisaged in the 1910s.

It should be noted that houses are not the only structures that can be researched. Dr. Jay Young, now with the Archives of Ontario, pointed out in 2011 in "Researching the History of Your Home," at ActiveHistory.ca, that "home history" was a more generally applicable term than "house history." He explained that "apartment renters, like myself, can also research aspects of the structure they call home."

So how do you undertake a home history? To hire a researcher, ask your local history or genealogy society if they can refer you to someone with the necessary expertise. Or consult the online membership rolls of the Canadian chapters of the Association of Professional Genealogists.

However, the DIY option is less daunting and more fun than you might imagine. Many municipalities offer helpful resource guides, although these can be frustratingly mute on relevant records that may be held by different jurisdictions.

Try googling "house history research" plus your city's name. You'll be interested in provincial land registration, plus municipal property tax and building permits.

Don't forget photographs and maps, including fire insurance; these could turn up in various libraries or archives. Voter lists, newspapers, and city directories are held in both online databases and brick-and-mortar repositories.

Published neighbourhood histories, almost certainly available in local libraries, can provide an overview of the various phases of development within a district.

Another friend from the genealogy world, Ellen Maki, observes that the building to be researched need not be home to anyone you know personally. For example, she has studied the stately Drumsnab house in Toronto because of its historical significance to the broader community.

I'll leave the final words to Melanie McLennan, a professional genealogist who operates the business Ancestral Tapestry.

"My husband and I owned a beautiful old Queen Anne Revival style home in Guelph, Ontario, for nearly thirty-one years," she reports.

When they purchased the home in 1985, it had been used as a rooming house for twenty years. Part of their restoration included compiling a history of the house. She also talked to neighbours, who had photos of the house in different eras.

"As we restored the house, knowing more about its past gave us a sensitivity I don't think we would have had otherwise," McLennan said.

They eventually opened what became a seven-room B & B, which they operated for almost twenty-nine years. The gracious home received historic designation and various awards and was used as a set for three films.

File this case under "house history as life-changing experience!"

Paul Jones, a former publisher, is a writer, a consultant, and an avid genealogist.

Dorothy Hollingsworth and Bill Nobleman on their wedding day.

COURTESY DOROTHY HOLLINGSWORTH

The legacy of giving

Nobleman scholarships offer tremendous opportunity for young historians. *by Janet Walker*

We first met Dorothy Hollingsworth when she contacted Canada's History Society in response to a reception we were hosting in Toronto in the spring of 2017.

Dorothy's husband, Bill Nobleman, was a founder of Canada's National History Society and served on its inaugural board of directors.

When Bill died in October 2016, Dorothy became the keeper of years and years of *The Beaver* magazine (which was rechristened *Canada's History* in 2010).

Dorothy kept the issues on shelves in her basement, and she wondered whether we might find a use for them if they migrated to our offices in Winnipeg.

"Come and have a look," she said.

Louise Humeniuk, our major gifts associate, was greeted warmly by Dorothy and shown more than two decades worth of neatly stacked magazines that, collectively, had for years faithfully documented Canada's past.

> **In a constantly changing world, it's the connections we make that build bridges between people, communities, and countries.**

We learned about Bill's past, too, as well as his passion for bringing together people in the spirit of collaboration.

He was part of a visionary group that recognized that history is a critical national resource and that believed *The Beaver* provided a platform to share stories that helped to build greater understanding among Canadians.

A scholar, intellectual, and pragmatist with a gift for mathematics and English, Bill contributed enormously to the work of the History Society and was instrumental in establishing the first national award for history teachers, today known as the Governor General's History Award for Excellence in Teaching.

He was passionate about the power of education, and he shared this passion throughout his career, first as a teacher and principal, then as a school trustee and vice-chair of the Scarborough Board of Education, and later as publisher of two national magazines, *Saturday Night* and *Monday Morning*.

As the director of policy and research for the Progressive Conservative Party of Canada, and as a senior advisor to Prime Minister Joe Clark, he helped to forge closer relationships between Canada and the international community.

Later, as a co-founder, tour director, and general manager of Know the World Tour Organizers Inc., Bill regularly amazed clients with his vast knowledge of the interplay between world and Canadian history, especially military history.

In a constantly changing world, it's the connections we make that build bridges between people, communities, and countries. As an alumna of Western University, Dorothy has arranged to establish an extraordinary endowed fund, the first for Canada's History. This new program, to be known as the Nobleman Scholars, will provide one paid internship annually for graduate students from Western University to gain career experience at Canada's History Society.

The first Nobleman Scholar will begin this spring. By honouring her husband's past, Dorothy Hollingsworth is offering a future to others and celebrating Bill Nobleman's lifelong intent: to keep and to remember our history.

Janet Walker is the President & CEO of Canada's History Society.

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Tracy Calogheros and Chief Dominic Frederick receive the 2017 award on behalf of *Hodul'eh-a — A Place of Learning.*
Credit: MCpl Vincent Carbonneau, Rideau Hall © OSGG, 2017.

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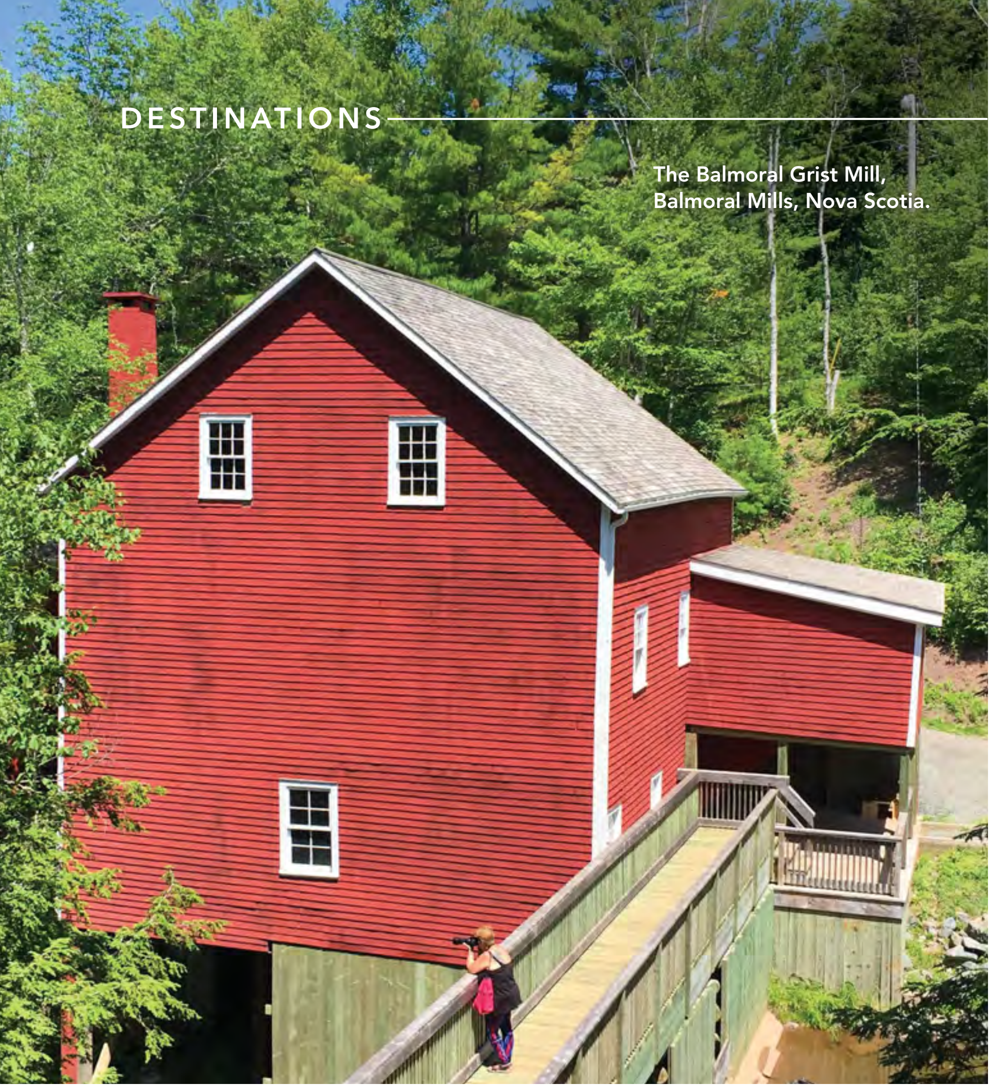

The Balmoral Grist Mill, Balmoral Mills, Nova Scotia.

Against the grain

Exploring the Balmoral Grist Mill on Nova Scotia's north shore. *by Mark Collin Reid*

IT WAS ABOUT THIRTY MINUTES into what should have been a ten-minute drive when I began to worry that we were indeed lost. Rumbling down a country road near Tatamagouche, Nova Scotia, I searched desperately for a sign — a literal road sign, or even a heavenly sign — that we were getting close to our goal, the Balmoral Grist Mill.

No matter what, though, I wasn't going to let on that we were approaching *terra incognita*. I knew the golden rule of vacationing in rural Nova Scotia: that you're always just one quick conversation — and course correction — away from getting back on track.

And so, with the world's most patient passengers (my mom and my daughter) waiting in the car, I pulled into the next driveway I saw and then scampered across the lawn to ask a local for directions.

After a brief chat about the weather (nice and sunny) and the state of the roads (passable, but getting worse) the gentleman assured me that we were only moments away from our destination.

At this point, I'm sure my plan to visit a historic grist mill seemed half-baked. After all, Nova Scotia's north shore boasts some of the most beautiful scenery in the province, including red sand beaches that stretch for miles and coastal villages where you can order up lobster sandwiches and seafood chowder to die for.

We could have spent the day splashing in the warm waters of the Northumberland Strait. But it was the grist mill or bust for me.

I had visited the mill once before, during an elementary school field trip more than three decades ago, and that trip had left a lasting impression on me.

Finally, after a couple more zigs and zags, we pulled into the grist mill's gravel parking lot. A sloping path wended its way through a copse of trees to a small dam that did double duty as a footbridge leading to the red wooden mill beyond.

The Balmoral Grist Mill was built by Alexander McKay, the son of miller John McKay, a Scottish immigrant who settled in the Cape Breton region of the province in the early 1800s. Milling clearly ran in the family — four of John McKay's seven sons eventually joined the grinding business.

Alexander McKay bought the land for the Balmoral mill for just twelve dollars. At the time, there were more than 450 small grist mills operating in the province. McKay's mill employed a water wheel, which was a relatively new technology in the 1870s. Water wheels employed sluice gates to start and to stop the flow of water from rivers or streams. The cascading water turned the water wheel, which powered the grindstones inside the mill that in turn ground various grains into flour.

The Balmoral Grist Mill employs four large grindstones, all carefully carved to ensure the efficiency of the grinding process. The grindstones are cut in spoke patterns that push the grains from the centre towards the outer edges, where the fine grinding takes place. Next, the miller sifts the flour to remove the chaff and then bags it for future sale.

The Balmoral mill processes several varieties of grains, including wheat, oats, barley, rye, and buckwheat. It also features a unique kiln that dries the oats in preparation for grinding.

The mill changed hands several times over the decades. When Alexander McKay died in 1886, the mill was left to his youngest son, Hugh. Hugh McKay ran the mill for nearly twenty years before selling it to a farmer named Alexander McLean MacDonald. MacDonald ran the mill until 1940 and then passed it on to his son Archie. A decade later, Archie was forced to close the mill due to competition from larger, more modern mills.

In 1964, the Sunrise Trail Museum in Tatamagouche began restoring the gristmill

ALL PHOTOS MARK COLLIN REID

TELEGRAPH
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TELEGRAPH
AND
CABLE OFFICE

Left: The interior of the historic train station at Tatamagouche, Nova Scotia, that now serves as an inn for travellers. Right: The author's daughter, Megan, uses a quern to grind grain by hand at the Balmoral Grist Mill.

and hired Archie MacDonald to run it. However, limited by budget and resources, the museum was sold in 1966 to the Nova Scotia government. The province soon launched an extensive restoration program, installing an electric motor to drive the mill's turbines, and rebuilding its dam.

Today the Balmoral Grist Mill is part of Nova Scotia's museum system and welcomes visitors seasonally between June and October.

After an enjoyable tour of the mill's interior, we headed outside to a small picnic area located just upstream. Set in a beautiful wooded glade and equipped with a picnic table, the site was serene. As my daughter looked for signs of brook trout in a nearby pool, the only sounds were the occasional chirps of birds and the babbling of the stream as it tumbled its way to the dam below. As we relaxed there, I reflected on the ingenuity of the nineteenth-century engineering on display at the mill. Featuring four sets of grindstones, powered by water and connected by a tangle of whirring leather belts, the entire operation was designed, incredibly, to be run by a single miller.

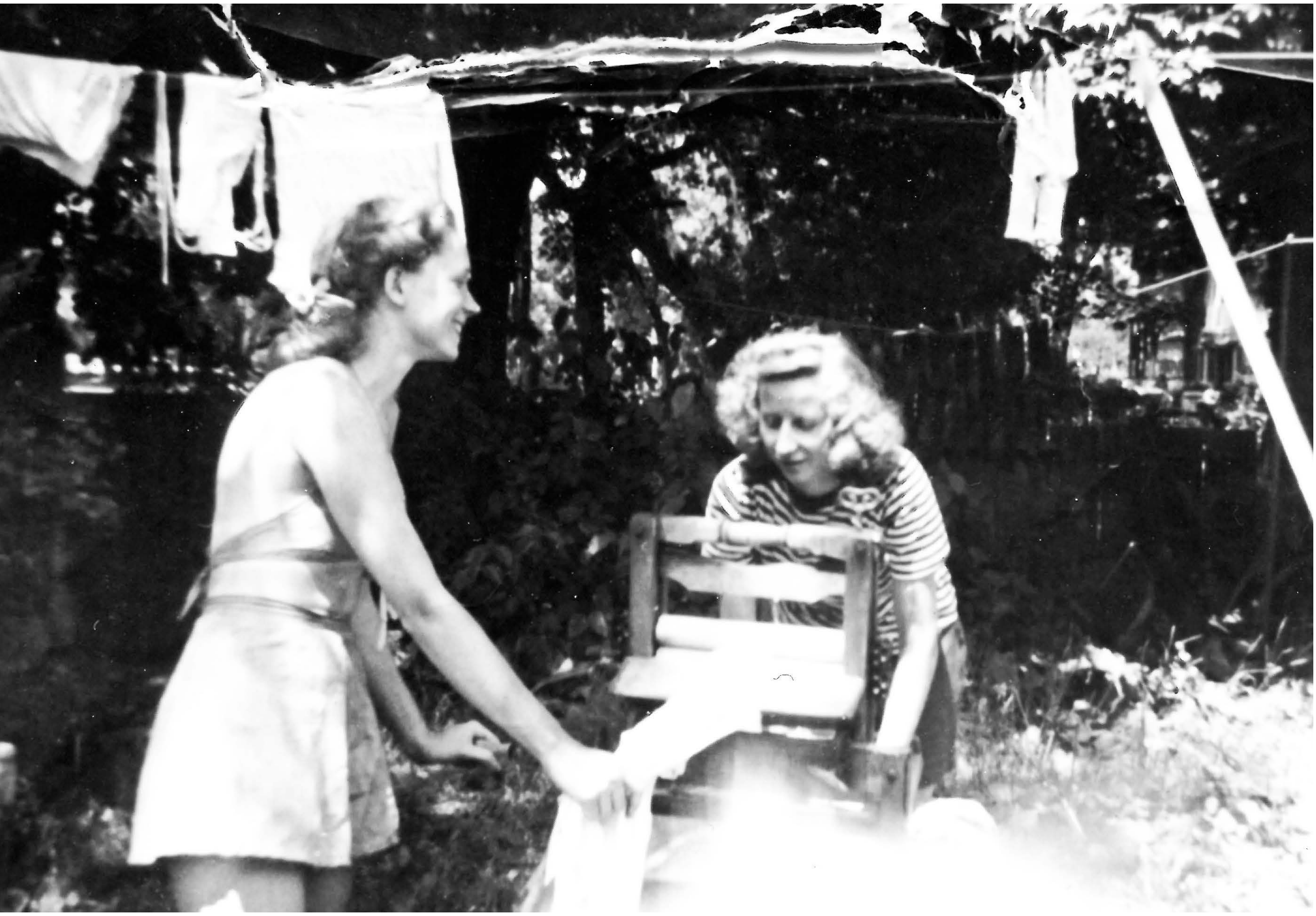
Eventually, it was time to return to my parents' home near Pugwash, Nova Scotia. En route, we decided to stop off in Tatamagouche for a bite. While there, we couldn't resist the chance to ride on the "Tata-nooga Choo Choo" — a motorized twenty-eight-seat "road train" that offers tours of the town's main attractions, including a historic train station and a former creamery.

The train station was of particular interest because it has been transformed into an inn. Built in 1887, the station offered passenger service until 1960 and once hosted a Governor General of Canada, Lord Aberdeen. In the 1980s, the station was restored by local train enthusiast and businessman James LeFresne. Over the years, LeFresne has purchased at least nine cabooses and boxcars and transformed them into sleeping units for guests of his Train Station Inn. Visitors can also rent the Station Master's Suite, located in the station itself, which includes three bedrooms, each equipped with private bathrooms.

As we strolled around Tatamagouche, I was struck by how much the town has to offer tourists. When I was a kid, I used to accompany my granny to Tatamagouche for her hair appointments. It was a thrill for me, because the local drugstore was the only place near Pugwash that sold comic books. Other than a few service stores and a gas station, Tatamagouche was a pretty sleepy town. But not now. The main drag is bursting with restaurants and tourist shops; a highlight is the Tatamagouche Brewing Company, a family-owned organic microbrewery that offers "Tatamagoodness" in every pint they sell.

The village is also just a few kilometres away from several warm saltwater beaches. I'd recommend Blue Sea Beach Provincial Park in nearby Malagash. The wide, sandy beach is perfect for building sandcastles, while the swimming is excellent in what are billed as the "warmest waters north of the Carolinas."

In the end, my half-baked plan to visit the Balmoral Grist Mill left us eager to return the next time I'm home for a visit.



Laundry day on the island

This picture shows how we did our washing during the war years. My friend Alma Morrow and I were seventeen in 1942, when we first moved to Centre Island in Toronto's harbour for the summer. After taking the ferry from the island, we walked up to our jobs in the Eaton's department store's general office.

This photograph was probably made in 1944. I'm putting the sheets through the wringer, and a friend who stayed with us for a while (her name is Sally, but I've forgotten her surname) is catching the sheets so that we can hang them.

Our flat consisted of two rooms. One was a sunroom that was both a living room and the bedroom; the other small room was our kitchen and dining area. We had a two-burner portable stove and orange crates for shelves, and we made curtains to "pretty" them.

We were very proud to be independent and occasionally invited our parents for meals. Other guests included airmen from Little Norway, the training camp for exiled Norwegian forces on Hanlan's Point. My daughter was shocked when I told her about this, but it was a very innocent time. Yes, we invited men we didn't know back to our rooms, but if they tried to get fresh they were asked to leave. We had no problems, and the owners of the house were our "parents" for the duration.

We loved living there and would bicycle to and from the ferry. On arriving home, we would put supper on the stove, turn it low, rush out for a fast swim in the cold lake, sunbathe, and then go in for supper.

Some evenings, if sleep eluded us, we would bicycle around Ward's Island in our pyjamas. On weekends, we walked on the boardwalk or down the main drag, feeling somewhat superior to the "tourists" who came for the day.

Submitted by Taimi Henderson of Selwyn, Ontario.

Do you have a photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If so, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o Canada's History, Bryce Hall, Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9. Or email your photo to album@CanadasHistory.ca. Please provide a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. Photos may be cropped or adjusted as necessary for presentation in the magazine. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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